

home security

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home security

by [selvish](#)

Summary

Dream puts his phone face down on the nightstand, plugging it in to charge. He then moves across the room and sits at his desk, shaking the mouse to wake it up. If he was smart, he would look at Twitter or, god forbid, get some work done. But he doesn't do either of those things, instead he opens the security app.

The front door is shown first: still and locked as it should be. He clicks through the various cameras, buying time before he makes the decision to be a fucking creep. George's room is empty, and Dream switches to the camera behind the showerhead to just take in the angle. His breath rushes out as he stares down at the dry, empty bathtub. Not for long.

Shaking his head, he moves onto Sapnap's room. As the image comes in, way too crystal clear, Dream's breath catches. Sapnap is under the sheets Dream just tucked in, not wearing a shirt as his bare shoulders reveal. Dream licks his lips subconsciously, tracing the lines of where fabric meets body.

Notes

tsu & ghost were brave enough to start talking about a stalker au on the TL and it reminded me of this brainrot from last year. so... here we are!

thank you to razz (raspberrywildfire) for loving this au with me. theyre a fucking genius as always

please ship privately, do not send to ccs or mention in donos

enjoy <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Dream really did start this as something in the interest of safety. As he placed cameras around his house, aiming the lens at each doorway, he meant for it to keep him and his friends from harm. Come on, they're in *Florida*, who knows what kind of psycho would try to break in if he didn't put security measures in place.

It wasn't until he ran out of doorways that he got the idea. There were four cameras left, and all of the possible entryways of their house were covered. He made his way to Sapnap's room, poking his head in and taking in the empty space. Sapnap moved in tomorrow, George a few days later. There was no harm in setting up a camera here, too, right? To keep him safe?

Before he can stop himself, he places a small camera in the corner tucked away by the ceiling, poised at the center of the room. His eyes dart to the bathroom, and even though he's mentally beating himself for it, he connects a camera there too.

Dream slips from the room, staring down the hall at George's open door. If Sapnap gets his room bugged, surely it's only fair for George to get it too. Plus, there's not even a mic on these things. It's totally not weird; he's protecting them.

He sticks a camera in George's closet, then the last one behind his showerhead. Once he's back in his room, watching the feeds connect into one big screen of screens, he feels secure.

Now he just waits for their move-in, for the show to start.

Sapnap is one to make his presence known, to Dream's delight. There's a banging on his front door the next day almost a full hour before the youngest was supposed to arrive. He tries to answer it with a smug expression, playing cocky indifference, but he's quickly tackled and starts laughing instead.

"I'm early, bitch! What's up!" Sapnap yells into his ear, squeezing Dream's throat with his arms in a crushing hug.

"Hi Sapnap," Dream says, a little mumbled from their compromising position. He rubs his hand over Sapnap's back, and then drops him onto the front stoop. "Welcome to our home."

“Shut up, you’re so awkward,” Sapnap pushes past him, pulling his bags in behind him as he takes in the lackluster living room. “Where’s my room? You need decorating tips by the way, this is a sad excuse for a living space.”

Dream scoffs, closing the front door and crossing his arms over his chest. “What’s wrong with my decorating?”

Gesturing to the fake flowers in a vase by the couch, put there by his mother the day he moved in, Sapnap fixes Dream with a look.

“We’re men, Dream, this is pathetic.”

“Men like flowers!”

“I want *real* fucking daisies in here by tomorrow, or it’s going in the trash,” Sapnap declares, causing a monstrous eye roll from the other. “Now show me where my room is so I can take a fat nap. I just drove for like, a billion hours.”

Dream picks up one of the discarded bags and heads up the stairs, smiling to himself as he hears Sapnap clamber up behind him. The energy is more than welcome, sometimes as he’s spent time in this house alone he’s gone a little stir crazy. Distraction, especially in the form of one of his best friends, is a blessing. He gets to the landing of the second floor and points to the first door on the left.

“*Hell* yes. It’s bigger than George’s, right?” Sapnap jokes as he goes in, pushing his bags into the closet and starting to rip open the cardboard that holds his mattress. After watching fondly for a few seconds, Dream goes to help.

“Whatever makes you feel better, dude.” He says with a grin, pulling apart the box and raising his eyebrows as Sapnap wrangles the rolled up mattress and throws it onto the floor.

They stare at it as it unfurls slowly. Then Sapnap starts giggling, his shoulders shaking with it, and Dream starts too. Soon they’re trying to screw together a bed frame while indulging in a delirious laughing fit every few minutes. What they’re laughing at exactly, Dream doesn’t know.

Well, he knows why *he's* laughing. It's all nerves. All he can think about is the camera in the corner of the room watching them build Sapnap's bed. Should he tell him? No, that would seem creepy. But isn't it *more* creepy if he doesn't tell him? Dream risks a glance over at the youngest, who's squinting at the directions carefully.

"Are you excited to be here?" Dream asks quietly, looking away when Sapnap whips his head around.

"Dude. Obviously? Have I not seemed super excited?"

"No- well, yes. But to be fair you could be, like, faking? I guess?" Dream stumbles over his words, and starts *blushing* to his horror as Sapnap looks over at him. "That's what my anxiety says, at least. I dunno. You could be sad that George isn't here yet. That it's just me."

"Dream," Sapnap replies, a strange and unfamiliar maturity filling his shoulders as he adjusts his posture. It gets Dream to pay attention, green eyes fixed to cool greys that suddenly seem wiser than their years. "You're a fucking idiot."

"Okay," Dream slaps a hand over his face, dragging the skin down as relieved chuckles relax him. "True. Say more please? Validation or something?"

"I am very glad to be here. You're my best friend, and it's only gonna get better when George is here too. Don't sweat it, okay? It's just us. Like it always has been."

Except this time it's going to be just us and my creepy cameras watching your every move .

Dream's brain supplies, and *oh god* he's really in for it isn't he? He's only just dug this hole of impulsivity, and yet here he lies in it.

The bed is complete, and as Sapnap double checks that all of the right screws are in place, Dream gets some sheets from the hall closet and starts to make it. He's tucking them all in neatly, ignoring the fond gaze watching him until he can't, then he looks up.

"What?"

Sapnap smirks. "Making my bed for me. Bitch. My little housewife."

Dream rolls his eyes again, taking the top sheet and rolling it into a ball to drop at the foot of the bed.

“Ok. Fuck you then. Bye.” He starts to leave the room, chewing the inside of his cheek to keep from smiling. Dream is waiting, waiting for...

“ *Dreeeeeeeeam* ,” There it is. Sapnap crawls onto the bed and rolls over onto his back, his shirt riding up so the lower half of his stomach is exposed. Dream doesn’t completely turn around, doesn’t trust himself not to trace Sapnap’s happy trail into his pants to see what it leads to. His eyes stay on Sapnap’s face, but *god* it’s hard. “I’m *sorry* , please make my bed for me?”

“No.”

“ *Dream* .”

“You know that only works when George does it.”

“That’s rude.”

They stare at each other in a deadlock, but Dream’s eyes keep twitching up towards the exposed skin. He’s so incredibly fucked, and Sapnap has *no idea* . He scratches at the scruff on his neck, which gets Sapnap to break eye contact. Is that a win? He’s not sure.

“Take your nap, dude. We can do something for dinner, okay?” Dream offers, taking a couple steps backwards out of the room. Sapnap watches him leave, looking thoughtful; dangerous.

“You won’t tell me a bedtime story?” Sapnap teases, and the tension breaks. A relieved sigh comes from Dream, and he shakes his head as he leaves the room. He makes a conscious effort to not immediately go to his bedroom and check the live feed, instead he goes to the kitchen.

There’s a menu stuck to the fridge for a Caribbean restaurant he’s been meaning to try, and he lifts it from where it’s hanging from a magnet to look over the food offered. It’s probably fine for dinner tonight, they can go grocery shopping when George flies in in... three days? Wow, that’s sooner than he thought.

A spike of nerves shoots all the way through his fingers, and he swallows as he tries to focus on the words of the menu. Dream pulls out his phone and starts punching in a delivery order, scheduling it for a few hours from now. He knows roughly what Sapnap likes to eat, and it's kind of hard to dislike the delicious fried food a Caribbean restaurant offers. Once the order is in he returns the menu to its spot on the fridge, and looks down at the floor.

Above him on the second floor, Sapnap's door clicks shut.

He closes his eyes, counting to thirty in his head before making the way to his own room. As he shuts his own door, cringing at his own lock clicking, he avoids looking at his computer set up. Obviously he didn't leave any of the camera feeds open, just in case Sapnap came into his room, but he *knows* it's there.

Dream puts his phone face down on the nightstand, plugging it in to charge. He then moves across the room and sits at his desk, shaking the mouse to wake it up. If he was smart, he would look at Twitter or, god forbid, get some work done. But he doesn't do either of those things, instead he opens the security app.

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Shaking his head, he moves onto Sapnap's room. As the image comes in, *way* too crystal clear, Dream's breath catches. Sapnap is under the sheets Dream just tucked in, not wearing a shirt as his bare shoulders reveal. Dream licks his lips subconsciously, tracing the lines of where fabric meets body.

Sapnap dozes, unaware. His chest rises and falls under the blanket and Dream is just watching him, not moving a muscle. It makes him snap out of it, shaking his head *again* and clicking out of that window. He checks the bathroom cam, sees that Sapnap has put his toothbrush and toothpaste on the sink, and feels so wracked with guilt he has to walk away from his computer.

What is he *doing*, why doesn't he want to *stop*?

He tugs at his hair, pacing his room in circles, the bathroom still displayed on his computer screen. There are options here to be a good person, and Dream definitely is morally sound enough to know

what those options are. But there's a tugging in his gut at the thought of watching Sapnap sleep a little more that's bringing him down somewhere dark.

It's kind of a compliment, right? Or maybe another way: Sapnap will probably find it *hilarious* whenever Dream decides to tell him. He will tell him at some point, and it'll be fine.

It's fine. It's fine. He wouldn't mind, it's fine.

His feet bring him back to his desk chair, and for a moment he just stands behind it and squeezes the head cushion. Dream looks at Sapnap's toothbrush and toothpaste, aware that he can tell the brand of each from how good the camera is, and *fuck* he can't help himself.

Dream sits down in his chair, flicking back to Sapnap's room. It's silent, obviously because there's no mic, and he just *looks* .

Sapnap is so... delicate-looking. Obviously he's a grown man and all of that, but there's something about his features that look like they can be crushed in a fist. Dream leans forward, zooming in the camera without thinking and watching Sapnap's upper half fill the screen. His face is relaxed with calm sleep, and Dream finds himself licking his lips again.

Slowly, as if hiding it from himself, his hand trails down.

It starts at his collar, tugging the fabric to either side and feeling the draft of his room creep over his now-flushed skin. Then his fingers dips lower, barely stroking over his sternum and travelling down to his stomach. His eyes never leave Sapnap's peaceful face, specifically they're stuck on how his mouth is open a little bit.

The hand stops at the top of his stomach, and he shifts in his seat as he rubs over the fabric of his shirt. His shirt slides up, exposing his tummy the same way Sapnap's did when he was on the bed. Inside his brain fills with both of them naked, hands all over each other, and he drops his head back to groan into the air.

He's going to jerk off. He *has* to.

Dream sticks his hand in his pants, returning his gaze to the screen. Sapnap has turned over onto his back, his head cast aside and facing away from the camera. At first Dream wants to *scream* , his

little fantasy taken away from him too soon, but it's easy to warm up to the pale expanse of Sapnap's neck. His hair is unruly in this state, falling over his face and the back of his neck like running water.

"Fuck." He curses, placing his warm palm over the growing bulge in his pants. Dream squeezes soft, then closes his eyes due to the feeling.

Sapnap is still, breathing easily in his slumber. It makes Dream's head spin, his grasp on himself turning to half-interested tugs as he watches Sapnap's bare chest bathe in sunlight. How is he so *pretty*? How is he so pretty and in Dream's house and he can't touch? His hand speeds up, Dream getting up for a second to get his pants and boxers to the floor. If this is the direction he's going in, might as well commit.

His lip is drawn in between his teeth, and he actually has to remind himself to blink a couple of times because Sapnap's angelic face is back and Dream kind of wants to cum over his open mouth. Really, Sapnap's perfect lips are gently parted and *begging* to be filled with something. Dream tugs faster, pleasure clouding his head with impossible desires and hunger for skin under his hands.

To cope with this, he starts pulling his own hair.

Sexual pleasure has never come with this much *frustration* before. Dream can't help but feel like he deserves it at this point, he's been tortured for almost two hours now with Sapnap's existence, why can't he have it all? The logical part of his brain reminds him that he's been too anxious to jerk off for the weeks leading up to the big move which is why he's being crazy, but he pushes that aside for now. He's desperate, he's aware of this, and that awareness doesn't make it feel less so.

Because right now he's sweating and breathing heavily, hand a blur over his cock while Sapnap's face twitches within dreams. Dream is close, still yanking at his hair to try and stave it off a little longer, but the pain just makes it *better*.

As he cums over his fist, aftershocks making his thighs tremble, the first wave of regret hits him. Then it turns into weighted remorse, and the post nut clarity makes him put his head in his sticky hands.

The cameras were a bad idea, but there's *no way* Dream isn't going to do this again. He hasn't been so ravenous for someone's touch in so long, and Sapnap is a good guy, so maybe it'll work out?

His eyes stick on the drying cum that's been pulsed over his hairy thighs, and as he continues to pant into the air, he can't help but run his fingers through it. It coats his fingers in slick white, and Dream brings it to his lips as he leans back in his chair. Pushing them into his mouth, his eyes droop as he watches Sarnap continue to sleep, salt on his tongue and more desire than he's ever felt thrumming in his veins.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Leaning his head onto his fist, he watches with vague interest as Sapnap's body moves around the room. The camera placement was pretty excellent, the whole space is in frame if he zooms out, and his eyes follow Sapnap's bare legs as they walk around.

When he walks into the bathroom, Dream doesn't even think before switching to the camera in there. It's facing the sink and toilet, the shower and tub slightly out of frame. Sapnap is standing facing the toilet and unbuckling his belt, and Dream's mouth drops open.

He stares, unashamed, breathing through his mouth as he watches Sapnap's back stand still with one hand out of frame. The other hand adjusts the hat on his head, and Dream's own hands ache to run through the strands of his hair. Dream wants to touch him so bad his mouth is going dry.

Chapter Notes

thanks to neon (crystallinethoughts on ao3 & technicaiyneon on twt) for helping me get out of the funk that this filler-esque chapter caused. i hope it turned out ok ^__^

Dream takes a shower. He contemplates making it especially hot or cold, and settles for a miserable lukewarm. As he stands in the spray, head down as his showerhead drizzles over greasy blonde hair, he thinks about the decisions he's made.

He has known Sapnap for ten years. How did it take two hours to become so inconsolably horny for him that he *jerked off to him sleeping* ? Has it always been there, just hidden? How did he miss it?

It's not exactly unheard of that he could be dense enough to miss harbouring feelings for people. It's happened before and it will probably happen again. God, George is totally gonna make fun of him for this when they find out.

George too . That's an idea.

There's anticipation that's been winding in him for years now, waiting for this. Having it all come in fast it's not surprising he finds himself reeling. Dream was always a late bloomer, this doesn't

feel different. George and Sapnap were always out of reach, best friends and nothing more, he probably looked past their intoxicatingly good looks and the incredible chemistry they share because he had no other choice.

Soon they'll both be here, in his computer and in his house as well with nothing stopping the feelings from roiling. Maybe they'll fall together naturally, just from being with each other in this shared space, that would be nice.

But the way he's going about it currently... is a little problematic, he can admit that.

The guilt swirls in his stomach. He bonks his head against the wall of his shower and mutters a little 'ow'. Then he does it again, and groans in annoyance.

It's fine comes back, the loop of it turning in his head as he remembers the fantastic orgasm he just had to the idea of his cum on Sapnap's open mouth. His brain supplies the image, and he whimpers in defeat, leaning against the shower and rubbing hands over his wet face.

He gets out of the shower, no cleaner than he entered, and shivering slightly. His eyes catch on his computer desk, the security app closed and the screen shut down. All he wants to do is watch Sapnap sleep more, but he *can't*.

The sound of movement upstairs catches him off-guard, Sapnap must have woken up while he was in the shower. There are two options: he could go and ask what he's doing, or he could find out.

Dream looks up at the ceiling, listening to the sounds of rustling and shuffling. Then he goes to his computer and turns it on *again*, loads up the security app *again*, and sits in his stupid desk chair to watch Sapnap unpack his suitcase.

Leaning his head onto his fist, he watches with vague interest as Sapnap's body moves around the room. The camera placement was pretty excellent, the whole space is in frame if he zooms out, and his eyes follow Sapnap's bare legs as they walk around.

When he walks into the bathroom, Dream doesn't even think before switching to the camera in there. It's facing the sink and toilet, the shower and tub slightly out of frame. Sapnap is standing facing the toilet and unbuckling his belt, and Dream's mouth drops open.

He stares, unashamed, breathing through his mouth as he watches Sapnap's back stand still with one hand out of frame. The other hand adjusts the hat on his head, and Dream's own hands ache to run through the strands of his hair. Dream wants to touch him so bad his mouth is going dry.

Actually, he's still just mouth-breathing. That's why his mouth is dry. He licks his lips and swallows as Sapnap flushes the toilet and washes his hands. When the guilt comes back, he pushes it aside halfheartedly and closes the app again.

Was that too far? He didn't actually *see* anything risqué, just his back. There's no shame there, not this time. He hasn't done anything wrong. He didn't even touch himself or anything weird. His sweaty hand shuts down the screen for *the final time tonight*. Dream sets the rule in his head and prays he will stick to it.

His towel is discarded on the floor, so he grabs it to run through his hair and gets up to throw some new clothes on. Very pointedly he ignores the fact that he was completely naked when watching Sapnap use the bathroom; that was an accident and totally doesn't count. He just *had* to act on the impulse without thinking about what he was actually doing. It's like he had a fucking spidey sense for the perfect moment.

Dream shakes his head, tossing away that train of thought for the sake of his sanity. He gets his phone and goes to the living room. Patches is curled up on the couch, and he strokes his fingers through her fur as he starts to doomscroll. It's a good enough distraction, and he gets lost in it for a good amount of time until Sapnap comes to break the realm of calm.

"Hey dude, what are we doing for dinner?" Sapnap asks as he comes down the steps. Dream feigns innocent curiosity as he lifts his head to nod in greeting. His brain processes the question sluggishly, his eyes glued to Sapnap's hand on his belt. Where it just was-

"I- uh, ordered from a Caribbean place. It should be here in- oh, fuck, it's probably here actually." He sits up quickly, scaring Patches and wincing as she sprints into the kitchen.

"Did you tell them to leave it?" Sapnap casually walks over to the front door, opening it to find a big brown bag full of food neatly on their porch. "Oh. Sick."

Dream gets up slowly, walking into the kitchen and pulling out some bowls to put the food in. When Sapnap comes in with the bag, they silently organize who gets what until they're both eating with a football game on the T.V. Inside Dream's head, he grasps for normalcy.

“You didn’t tell me how the drive over went.” He says as they settle, looking over to see Sapnap looking back with a soft smile on his face. The youngest looks so happy to be here with him, so Dream tries not to let the guilt come back.

“It was fine. I just kind of powered through it, honestly. Skipped as many breaks as I could and just fucking *drove* for fourteen hours like a madman.”

“George was with you at least for part of it, right?”

“Mhmm,” Sapnap starts scooping some curry onto the bread it came with. “We called for like eight hours I think? Then he went to bed and I was solo for a bit. Then Karl called me for the last stretch.”

“I’m glad you weren’t alone.” Dream says.

There’s a pause in the conversation that the T.V. fills, but Dream can feel nerves crawling up the back of his neck over it.

Sapnap picks up on it, turning to look at him again and asking, “Is this weird?”

It makes Dream choke on the chicken and rice he’s been shoveling into his face, and when Sapnap slaps his back it makes it worse.

“Why is it weird?” Dream finally says after finishing his choking. He grabs his water bottle and pulls from it just to do something with his hands. Sapnap is looking at him, squinting and concerned.

“I dunno. It should be weird, right? Ten years of online-only and now we’re under the same roof,” Sapnap gnaws on the bread that scoops up his curry. It’s very unattractive, which helps Dream focus a little more. “I’m just worried one of us is gonna cross some weird boundary or something, I guess.”

Oh, fuck my life . Dream wails in his head, mentally back in the shower whacking his head on the tile. What does he say to that? Sapnap sounds so honest and worried, and he’s totally sitting on the worst boundary break possible.

“I think we’re just us. And us is always gonna work. Like you said earlier.” Dream states, noncommittal and a touch more dismissive than usual.

Sapnap nods, looking back to the T.V. but obviously thinking pretty hard about something. Taking a risk, Dream reaches out and places a kind hand on his shoulder.

“Don’t sweat it, Sap, it’s gonna be fine.”

And it will be. He just needs to keep himself under control.

The rest of their meal is in a more comfortable quiet. Every once in a while Sapnap asks a question about the game they’re watching, and Dream infodumps to get some of the anxiety out. Soon their plates are bare and there’s a commercial on, so Dream stands up and stretches his arms over his head. He relaxes again, rubbing a hand over his stomach and looking down at where Sapnap is watching him with an unreadable expression.

“You’re helping me with dishes, by the way. I don’t care how much you drove.”

He says it lightheartedly, and thankfully the joke lands with Sapnap giggling in response. The youngest gathers up his dishes and follows Dream to the kitchen where he dumps them all in the sink.

“I’m gonna wash and you’re gonna dry,” Dream states as he starts running the hot water. He watches fondly as Sapnap grabs a dishrag and gets into a half-squat ready position. “Why are you doing that? Stop being weird.”

“I’m always weird,” is Sapnap’s reply. Dream rolls his eyes and starts scrubbing.

Every time he passes a dish over calmly, Sapnap rips it from his hand and dries it at a breakneck speed. Every time, it makes Dream laugh.

“Fucking *stop* it you idiot. You’re gonna break something.”

“You’re just jealous of my dish drying skills. You wish you were as good at drying dishes as me.”

“If this is an attempt to get me to do the dishes alone it’s not gonna work.”

Sapnap scoffs, throwing the cup he’s holding down a little too hard. He winces at the clatter, and Dream fixes him with a less amused look.

“I’m having fun?” He tries.

“Have less fun, please.” Dream jokes, handing over the last dish. Thankfully Sapnap dries it with more care, placing it gently on the countertop with everything else.

The next bit is a little awkward, Dream giving Sapnap a little tour of how he likes things put away in the kitchen. Sapnap seems relatively receptive to it, though he makes a handful of comments about Dream being a control freak.

By the time everything is put away, leftovers included, Dream is getting weary. He’s not used to being around people who aren’t his family these days, and Sapnap’s energy is welcomed but also tiring. Dream runs his hands through his hair, looking around the clean kitchen while he thinks of what to say.

“Hey,” Sapnap nudges from beside him. “Can I tell you something?”

“Are you gonna ask if it’s weird again? Because that would make it weird.”

“No, no, I’m being serious,” Sapnap scratches at something on top of the counter, avoiding Dream’s eyes. “I just wanna say, like... I’m happy I’m here. Like really happy. So thanks for, like, having me or whatever.”

“Dude,” Dream laughs a little, reaching out to lightly punch at Sapnap’s shoulder. “I thought I was the insecure one. You don’t need to thank me. I’m glad you’re here.” *More than you know*, his brain tacks on at the end.

“I’m just validating! You asked me to, so I’m doing it!”

“Fuck off, I didn’t mean in every lull of conversation.”

“I’m being nice!”

“You’re being annoying.”

Sapnap shoves at him, and Dream shoves back immediately. Now, both of them have siblings and have gotten in a good number of scuffles. It’s almost scary how quickly they move towards each other, focus deadly. Dream gets his hands on Sapnap’s chest right as the shorter man wraps around his waist, trying to drag him down to the floor.

It works, and in seconds they’re a tangle of limbs on the kitchen floor. Sapnap’s got a mean elbow in Dream’s gut and it makes him curse as he tries to get a better grip on him. They twist and grab, hands touching all over in an epic grapple that leaves them both panting. When Dream gets Sapnap in a headlock, pressing the youngest’s cheek to the tile, he wrestles his arms into his grasp and holds him still.

“Give up,” Dream spits, a blinding smile on his face at having Sapnap pinned. He picks up the top half of him and pushes him back down. “Call yourself my bitch. Right now.”

“Fuck you.” Sapnap returns with equal intensity, though he seems a little too pleased in the tight hold of another man.

“C’mon, *baby*, call yourself a bitch.”

That must be too far, because Sapnap bursts into laughter. Dream slowly relinquishes his hold, watching the other spread out on the floor as he giggles. He curls in on himself, and Dream keeps giving him little shoves until his back is against the cabinets.

“You’re so stupid.” Dream says, trying to save face over how caught up in the moment he got.

“*Baby* ? Damn, Dream, that’s fucked up.”

“You’re an idiot.”

“Whatever, dude,” Sapnap gets up with a few grunts, and playfully slaps the cheek of Dream’s smiling face on the way. “I’m filing that away for later. Kinky bitch.”

Dream blushes, scratching at the back of his neck where he’s still sitting on the floor of the kitchen. He gets up too, carefully looking over how Sapnap starts to float out of the room, seeming unsure.

“Where are you going?” He asks, squinting a little as Sapnap gets past the threshold of the hallway that leads upstairs.

“I- uh, gotta finish unpacking. We’ll hang later.” Sapnap lies, and Dream lets him, because now he’s curious.

Sapnap gives one more look over Dream’s rumpled state, his eyes lingering on where his sweatpants have been slightly tugged down. Dream self-consciously adjusts his waistband, letting the showing skin be covered again. Once again, Sapnap’s face is unreadable, but since Dream is paying attention, he can pick up a matching redness to his face.

“Uh huh.” Dream replies, raising an eyebrow. That’s the last straw, Sapnap slipping out of the kitchen and towards his room. It’s obvious he’s flustered, and Dream is more than flattered. More than flattered he’s *so* fucking enthralled with what Sapnap is going to next.

He immediately breaks his rule, the *one* rule he set for himself, and goes to his own room to load up the camera feed. As he sits and clicks through the various views, he worries his bottom lip with his teeth. His fingers are shaking slightly as they grip the mouse, and then Sapnap’s room is in view.

His shirt has been discarded, and he’s standing by his bed in his joggers with one hand on the front of his pants. Dream sits up sharply, unable to stop himself as he zooms in to the movement in front of Sapnap’s lower back.

Is he gonna...? Right after him and Dream...?

The answer is yes. Sapnap takes his hat off and runs his fingers through his hair, getting onto his

bed and spreading out until he's comfy. Dream releases his lower lip, once more open-mouthed as he watches Sapnap move. He's teasing himself, rolling his hips up into his own hand like he's got all day.

Dream's hands flex uselessly in front of the screen. Once more, he aches to touch but is too far away. Technically nothing is stopping him from going upstairs and doing something, but he needs to be patient. He needs to wait, he needs to *watch*.

Sapnap shucks his pants down, seeming to gain his own impatience from being riled up by *Dream*. His boxers go down too, and Dream has to swallow the drool in his mouth when Sapnap takes his cock in his hand and lazily starts to tug. *Fuck*, his hand looks good working like that. Dream is jealous of every aspect of the scenario, so entranced as well that he doesn't even attend to where he's hard again in his own pants.

His hips shift, Dream relaxing into the back of his chair and committing to watching the show. Idle hands find his thighs and his thumbs stroke gently, but he isn't going to jerk off again. No, this is something he can't look away from for a second.

On top of his bed, Sapnap writhes a little bit from his own touch. He seems sensitive, his mouth open as he breathes out into the half-empty room. Dream's gaze is zeroed in on where his hand speeds up, doing tiny strokes at the head of his cock and then slowing down for the rest. It's fascinating to watch, not to mention the hottest thing he's ever seen.

Tilting his head, Dream licks over his lips as Sapnap arches his back. Every little touch has such an intense reaction, and Dream wonders how much more so it would be if *he* was the one touching. His eyes track Sapnap's hand creeping up his chest. When he scratches over one of his nipples he must make a noise, because his mouth moves. For the first time, Dream curses the cameras for not being mic'd. He has a feeling that will happen again.

Dream presses in close to the screen, desperate to see every shiver that shakes Sapnap's form. His nose almost touches his monitor, and the closeness makes his eyes kind of burn, but he's stock still as Sapnap continues to touch himself.

He speeds up as he gets more lost in it. Sapnap's hand gets blurry in the camera as he tweaks his nipples and pumps at his cock. No matter what, his mouth stays open. If Dream focuses hard enough, he tells himself he can hear all of the sounds Sapnap lets out through the floor separating them. There's too many closed doors in between the two, and Dream has to fight the urge to not do something stupid like go open his.

Sapnap goes tense, cum painting over his lower stomach and fingers as he starts to shake. Dream lets out a breath, ignoring the sound he definitely *does* hear from the other side of the house. He can't think about it, he might lose his mind if he does. His hands stay on his desk and don't move until Sapnap sits up.

He looks down at himself with a little disdain, while Dream begs in his head to be able to tell him how absolutely *gorgeous* he is. Maybe he'll compliment him when he next sees the youngest, give him a bit of an ego boost as compensation for spying on him. Ah, there's the reality check.

Dream puts his head in his hands while the security app continues to show him his best friend cleaning cum off of his stomach. He closes the window when the remorse gets too heavy to bear, and can't help but let out a chuckle at his own ridiculousness. The fact that he's so plagued with guilt yet continues to bury himself in this hole *is* a little funny.

And to think in a couple of days he'll have George here to worry about too. How is he gonna get out of this one? How will he survive the oncoming disaster he's landed himself in?

Probably by jerking off more, if he's honest.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Dream and Sapnap are watching TV when George comes home. The oldest doesn't call or text them or anything, one minute they're on their phones ignoring what's playing in the background, then suddenly there's a knock at the door.

"That little shit." Sapnap says with a laugh as he scrambles to get up. Dream gets up too and they pelt for the door, practically tripping over each other in their haste to get there first.

They stay pretty quiet in the days before George arrives. Honestly, he and Sapnap get together at the end of the day to watch a movie, but otherwise their friendship stays online as it always has. There's still work to be done when it comes to content creation, so it's not like they can spend all of every day just hanging out.

Dream isn't sure if he wants to throw his computer out the window or stay with it forever at this point. He tries to get work done, he really does, but that security camera draws him in and he can't help himself. Sapnap isn't even doing anything, just sitting at his computer like him, but Dream's desire to watch him do it never wavers.

When they're together, he tries his best to be a normal roommate. He cracks jokes, they get into more little scuffles that leave them both red-faced and laughing, and it's *fine*. The guilt stacking up from his watching fades into background noise, and checking the cameras becomes so second nature he rarely even feels guilt anymore.

Sometimes, though, it creeps in.

Like when Sapnap used the home gym and then took a hot shower afterwards. Dream cursed himself for not placing cameras better before he caught himself being a fucking *weirdo*. So what if Sapnap's shower is out of frame? He can see one of his arms and a shoulder, that should be enough to satiate his voyeuristic tendencies, but it's not. He laid on his bed after getting so frustrated he hit his desk and listened to the sound of the shower running until Sapnap was done, imagination running wild. His hands all over Sapnap's sweaty body as he rubs a washcloth over him, whispering in his ear all the things he wants to do to him.

What he would do to be able to *touch*. Because besides these little grappling wrestling matches they have, Sapnap just isn't super touchy. It's not that Dream is particularly touchy either, so they just... don't. Until they do and they both get so flustered they have to walk away from each other

for a few hours. He might be going insane, slowly but surely. And this is just the beginning.

Now, this behaviour is pretty much what he blames his next mistake on: buying a sex toy. Dream has never, aside from starry-eyed browsing when he was younger and on unsavoury parts of the internet, seriously considered buying anything of the sort. The issue he deems necessary to be solved just crops up one night, and it makes sense.

He's all hot and heavy, *really* deep in his head as he's watching Sapnap sleep. His cock is flush to his desk, his hand pinning it there as he fucks into the pressure he's created. Little pleas slip from his lips as he humps his desk and he knows he looks *pathetic* but it feels both amazing and horribly unsatisfying.

His mind reels with all of the soft things he could be fucking: Sapnap's thighs, ass, chest, his *mouth* . It makes it easier to stomach the hard surface of his desk that he's pressing into. And as he hits his high and gets cum on his keyboard, he decides he deserves better.

So he orders a fleshlight. Unfortunately the only one that will fit him is pretty big, but he gets discreet (and express, of course) shipping, and crosses his fingers that it'll work when it arrives.

Sapnap isn't home when it does show up, which is pretty lucky. He said something about skating down a really big hill, Dream didn't really care, so who knows how long he'll be gone.

It really is perfect timing, too, because George's flight gets in that night. Dream can get his idea going by the time George and Sapnap are home and in bed, and then he can indulge in his twisted fantasy.

The duct tape is kept in the hall closet, so after he grabs the package Dream gets a roll of it. Then he takes his treasures to his room and has a come-to-Jesus with his desk.

He's going to fuck his desk, and it's gonna be *good* . His desk doesn't have much to say about it, so he quickly pulls the chair out so he can reach the underside. Dream places the box on top first, picking up his scissors carefully and cutting through the tape of the box. After that, he lifts the folds of cardboard and there's another box.

It's... kind of huge. It makes him smirk for a little ego-filled moment before he gets back to business. He opens the second box and pulls the hunk of plastic out. Dream weighs it in his hand with a low whistle that he can't help but chuckle at. The guilt is hard to reach as he tapes the

fleshlight to the underside of his desk, maybe it'll crop up after he's had the best orgasm of his life.

Once he steps back and admires his handiwork, a proper laugh bubbles up and out of him. It looks so *fucking funny*. If only he could take a picture and send it to George and Sapnap. Maybe after he comes clean he'll show them and it'll ease the weirdness a bit. He pulls his phone out of his pocket and snaps a picture. For later.

His chair slides back into place, perfectly hiding what lies in its shadow. Hopefully no one will be in here until he takes it down in the morning, but it's good to be extra careful. He pushes aside the *sneaky* aspect of it, because that doesn't feel good.

And from below, Sapnap comes home. Dream checks the time on his computer, seeing they have a couple hours before George takes his Uber from the airport. He heads downstairs to kill some time, pointedly ignoring his creation.

Dream and Sapnap are watching TV when George comes home. The oldest doesn't call or text them or anything, one minute they're on their phones ignoring what's playing in the background, then suddenly there's a knock at the door.

"That little shit." Sapnap says with a laugh as he scrambles to get up. Dream gets up too and they pelt for the door, practically tripping over each other in their haste to get there first.

Sapnap is the first one with a hand on the knob, and he twists it open right as Dream's chest hits his back. There isn't even time to have an awkward moment about it, because then the door is open and George is a tangle of limbs trying to touch both of them at once. It's not really a hug, but they're trying.

"I'm here!" George calls out, jumping in place to try and grab at Dream's shoulders. He tries to get his knee up around Sapnap's waist for some reason, which makes them both laugh harder.

"You're here!" Dream echoes, pulling George into a proper hug and scooting down so Sapnap can hug him too. They crush him in between the two of them, and George is all lit up. It's the happiest he's ever looked, between his two best friends with no one to see it but each other. Yes, the door is open, but there's no onlookers prying into this moment. It's all Dream Team, enjoying each other's presence for the first time.

“*Georgeeee ...*” Sapnap mutters right into his ear, nuzzling his face into George’s neck until George giggles so hard he’s dislodged back to his shoulder.

“Sapnap...”

“Dream?” Dream’s eyes are big in how they’re trying to take in every detail of George’s face. Every freckle and imperfection he’s missed, he barely even minds that they’re standing with the door wide open and the sticky Florida air is getting into the house because *George is here* .

“Yeah, yeah, whatever. Dream too.”

That gets Dream to pull away, and he musses up George’s hair for good measure as Sapnap brings his arms back from around his waist. George is looking at them like he wasn’t done hugging, but he doesn’t say anything more. They just look at each other, processing the fact that they’ve made it to this point. And the laughter starts up again, all three of them shoving at each other’s adrenaline-wracked bodies and giggling nonstop.

Dream pulls the door shut and corrals them more into the house. It encourages George to take in the space, and before he can even *speak* he looks judgemental.

“Don’t comment on the decorating. Dream blew it. We can fix it.” Sapnap says it all blasé, shrugging too to get George to laugh more at Dream’s expense.

“Believe it or not my first comment was not on the decorating,” George digs an elbow into Sapnap’s side. “It was how fucking *short* you are.”

“*Hey!*” Sapnap shoves him again, and Dream debates sticking an arm in to keep them from scuffling. “I’m not even that short. We’re like the same height.”

“From up here, I would disagree.” Dream comments from above, standing up on his tiptoes just to make Sapnap puff up more.

“Shut up, beanpole. It’s not my fault you’re a freak of nature.”

“Whatever, manlet.”

Sapnap switches targets quickly, narrowing his gaze to Dream’s smugness and reaching out to shove him square in the chest. It barely pushes him, which makes George snort. When Dream shoves back, Sapnap stands his ground pretty well.

“Are you guys gonna fight or can I go to my room?” George asks, half-interested looking around the room coming to an end due to the lackluster space. With one more scoff for good measure, Dream and Sapnap keep their hands to themselves.

“I’ll show you!” Sapnap pipes up, tugging on George’s shirt sleeve to beckon him towards the stairs. Dream picks up one of his bags and throws it over his shoulder, trailing behind the shorter two who chat excitedly about George’s flight.

In the back of his mind he wonders if either of them will see the little cameras he’s put in George’s room. Since Sapnap didn’t notice it’s unlikely, but he can’t help but think about the one he put in the shower. It’s definitely not the most hidden it could be, but who looks at their showerhead? Maybe he can move it before George takes a shower. Get it in a similar spot so he can still see George all wet and naked-

“Here we are!” Sapnap declares, standing in front of George’s door and letting him be the one to open it.

It’s not much, just a room with a bed and a desk (and two cameras). George goes in first, looking around boredly before plopping his stuff on the bed. He starts rummaging through his bags, and Dream and Sapnap watch him until he looks up.

“Are you going to watch me change?” George asks with a smirk, internally delighting at how Sapnap scrunches his face up but Dream *blushes* .

“Don’t be a freak, dude, you *just* got here,” Sapnap teases, starting towards the door again. “Do whatever you want, I’m not helping you unpack so I’ll be in my room.”

Dream lingers, watching George pull clothes out of his bag and lay them over his bedsheets.

“Is the room okay?” He asks it a little nervously, trying to keep his eyes from looking to the closet

where he put the camera.

“Of course it’s okay, Dream,” George says it more kindly than expected, giving Dream a genuine smile. “All the funny shit aside. It’s good. Exciting. All of it.”

A smile takes over Dream’s face and he can’t hope to stop it. He wants to hug George again but holds back, instead starting towards the door himself. “Let me know if you need anything okay? I’m right downstairs.”

“I know, Dream, thank you.” George waves his hand a little as Dream slips out, and it makes his chest warm.

As he moves down the hall, he hovers in front of Sapnap’s door and leans his head against the wood to listen. There’s just some rustling as he goes about whatever he’s doing. Dream doesn’t dare to guess what, instead shakes his head and keeps walking until he gets to his own room.

It’s then that he remembers what’s under his desk. He draws his lip between his teeth, wondering if he has enough time to indulge. George *just* got here. It would be pretty overbearing to *immediately* see what he’s doing, but Dream is still riding the high from finally being able to touch him, heat on the back of his neck and lingering in his chest.

He pulls his desk chair out after locking his door, evading the fleshlight with his eyes and bringing up his security app. George’s room is only a few clicks away, and when Dream’s gaze settles on the picture, his breath is immediately taken with a gasp.

George is shirtless, lifting his arms above his head in a luxurious-looking stretch before looking through his bags, likely for a new shirt. Dream traces the line of his spine with his eyes, wanting to touch every vertebrae with his fingers, or maybe his lips. He zooms in to get a better look, once more committing every dot and divet to his memory. Soon he’ll have his hands on him, he wants it so bad he can’t breathe.

Gathering up various clothes in his arms, George turns back to the closet to start hanging things up. Dream has to zoom out to accommodate, but gets a beautiful view of George’s chest as his body moves. Every muscle and tendon that shifts under George’s skin, Dream is watching. He fights back touching his screen, his hand lifting and going back down about five times before he has to grip his desk to stop himself.

His mouth is open a little, lips parted as he tries to catch his breath. Every once in a while George tilts his head and squints at where he's placing things, and Dream is transfixed by every second of the show. In his stomach, arousal peeks its head out and he has to swallow to keep from drooling.

Without thinking too much about it, Dream's hand searches for lube without him having to look away. It gets frustrating pretty quickly, and he tears his eyes from the screen to grab the bottle before he looks back. George is practically on top of the camera, trying to shove something onto the top shelf of his closet. Dream can see the hair on his arms and curve of his shoulder so close, he has to mutter out *fuck* and shake his arms out to get some of the tension to leave his hands.

Then he's shucking his pants down, flipping open the lube cap and squirting the liquid onto his fingers. His cock is half-hard, stirred up by George's pretty body moving so much. As Dream slips his slicked up fingers into the fleshlight, George turns around and starts going through his bags again. Dream's view is all slight waist and delicate back muscles. It's too perfect.

Dream pulls his fingers out of the fleshlight, working the lube over his cock next until he's fully hard in his own grasp and hunched over his desk. Before him still is George's bent over form, and when he slides his cock into the tight, soft plastic of the toy, the breath is knocked out of him once more.

He stands a bit straighter, panting at the feeling of being fully sheathed. George lifts his head up and looks behind him at the closet, and Dream curses under his breath again. Slowly he pulls out, just resting the head of his cock in the toy, then nudges his hips in and out just to drive himself crazy. It feels fucking *amazing*, the view of George in front of him fueling the fantasy all too well.

When George comes back to the closet to sort something out, Dream zooms in again to a certain part of his neck. There, *right there*, is where he would leave his first mark. Right on display for everyone to see. His hips churn, thrusting in and out of the toy as his sweaty palms grip his desk. George is a little scruffier than usual, and Dream can see every speck of facial hair in this tight view. He wants to feel the burn of it on his lips *so bad*.

One hand comes up to his mouth, digging the flesh of his finger pads into his bottom teeth for some kind of pressure relief. He's fucking into the toy faster now, jaw dropped as he moves to press down on his tongue. Spit taints his fingers and starts to drool down his wrist, but he's too in the heat of it to care.

George is barely in frame anymore, nothing more than half of a neck and a shoulder, but Dream shuts his eyes and fucks the fleshlight until he can pretend the other man is underneath him and just as wanting as he is. He would be warmer around him than the toy, and Dream focuses on imagining that.

Deep in his head, he thinks about George spread out and taking every sharp thrust of his hips. He's jostling his desk every time he fucks it, but the noise will have to be excused another time. As he gets close to his release, something else joins his fantasy:

Sapnap coming to investigate the sound, coming up behind Dream and wrapping big hands over his hips to guide his thrusts. He would tell Dream how good he fucks George, how good Sapnap could fuck him at the same time and *shit*-

“*Shit*.” Dream grits from his clenched jaw, phantom hands and bodies all over him as he cums into the forgiving plastic around him. He takes his time slowing down, allowing a little zing of overstimulation to spice up his rolling stomach.

Then he's aware that he's alone in his room, George completely out of frame now and likely in the en suite. Dream looks over the barren room and forces himself to laugh to avoid any guilt that could crop up. He pulls his tainted cock out from the toy, cringing at the slick of leftover lube alongside his release. As he cleans, he keeps little chuckles bubbling up and out of him. He feels mildly delirious, head loose on his shoulders and spinning slightly through the comedown.

When the toy is removed from his desk, tossed in the sink to be cleaned in a second while the duct tape rests in the bottom of his trash can, Dream debates taking a shower or something. He feels restless, unsatisfied despite the excellent orgasm. He finds himself pacing, and forces himself to stop.

He goes back to his desk, the security feed still running on his screen. Dream switches to the camera in George's bathroom and sees he's once more wearing a shirt, now standing in front of the mirror and adjusting his hair. Leaving that be, he checks on Sapnap.

Sapnap is in his room as well, taping a poster up on the wall. With vague interest, Dream watches him struggle to get the poster high enough, it's a nice view of his calves and ass, so he continues to look over him until he gets bored.

The fleshlight sits in the bathroom sink, and Dream can't stop thinking about it. He goes to clean it out, running hot water over his hands in a nice shock to his hazy state. Once the toy is no longer dirty, he shoves it into a drawer of his desk with the lube. To be used another time, most likely.

George and Sapnap stay in their rooms, he stays in his, and he can't shake the feeling that what he's doing isn't enough for him.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Dream hasn't seen George shower yet. He's always doing something while it's happening, and honestly? George doesn't shower very much. His eyes track George's naked body moving across the floor to the en suite, and he hits the button for the next camera feed the second George crosses the threshold.

For a bit he can't see much due to the camera being stuck directly on the showerhead, just George's arm reaching in to turn the knob so the water starts. The camera shakes from it, and for a terrifying second Dream thinks the camera is gonna come dislodged and slip down to the drain grate.

But it doesn't. Dream puts his head in his hands and watches the water heat up, seeing steam rise from the spray and fog up the lens. He can still see, but it's a bit blurry.

Chapter Notes

whew! this took for-fucking-ever im so sorry. i got sucked into click treat and then moved house so it was a little whacky for a bit. thank u for ur patience and i hope u enjoy this chapter! <3

s/o to janetbaby99 for helping me out as he often does bc hes the best <:)

Dream has to do something. He's not sure what it is, but he's starting to feel like one of those tigers at the zoo who just pace around their enclosure waiting for someone to throw in watermelon that they can destroy. It seems satisfying, taking something apart with big paws and claws. When he was alone in the house, the caged animal feeling was familiar, it's a bit of a let down that it lingers while he's surrounded by his friends.

He will give it to George that he tries, though. Sapnap is a bit of a recluse, usually only coming out if there's already someone else in the commonspace, but George has stormed into Dream's room a few times now and the on-edge feeling adds to it all. He has to be careful not to keep the security app up for too long, in case George makes one of his surprise visits.

But it's not like he's gonna tell him to stop. No, he loves every second he spends with his friends, if anything wants more of it, but *god* it would be nice if George learned how to *knock*.

So far is so good, thankfully. No one has made any comments about finding cameras hidden in their rooms, Dream has been jerking off daily like he's a dying man, and he's able to hold a

conversation easily. If he feels like his sanity is slipping due to the intoxication of seeing his best friends naked and half-naked and not naked whenever he wants, he can gloss over it.

But he should have known it wouldn't last forever. He got lucky a few too many times, narrowly avoiding anyone seeing anything incriminating on his computer, and so he pays for it as he must. George called him out for being cagey about people being in his room, and he laughed it off until he couldn't anymore. He knows that George knows something is up, and it's only a matter of time until he figures out what it is.

The first trigger for the downfall is exactly what he feared: George finds the camera in the shower. He *knew* it was going to be that one, debated moving it every single day since George arrived, but he couldn't risk going into his bathroom and getting it done before someone noticed.

He's awfully lucky the way George handles it, however. It's in a way that's equally unfair and perfect.

They actually spent a whole day together. Dream made breakfast for the three and afterwards finally got his Switch hooked up to the living room TV, and then proceeded to fight over the two joycons for a good handful of hours. There was non-stop laughter, screaming, and tussling of course. Dream leaves it feeling an adrenaline rush that will likely last until he puts his head on his pillow tonight. He's *home*, with his friends that he loves so much.

And then they break apart to go to their rooms. Dream actually gets some work done, which is a pleasant surprise. Spending time with his friends is a surefire way to dodge the desire of checking on them, so he lasts a solid two hours before loading the security app.

When he does, though, he's once again wondering if he has some kind of universal spirit guide watching over him and approving of his horrible habit. George is peeling layers of clothing off in his room, letting them rest in a little pile by his bed, and then grabs his towel.

Dream hasn't seen George shower yet. He's always doing something while it's happening, and honestly? George doesn't shower very much. His eyes track George's naked body moving across the floor to the en suite, and he hits the button for the next camera feed the second George crosses the threshold.

For a bit he can't see much due to the camera being stuck directly on the showerhead, just George's arm reaching in to turn the knob so the water starts. The camera shakes from it, and for a terrifying second Dream thinks the camera is gonna come dislodged and slip down to the drain grate.

But it doesn't. Dream puts his head in his hands and watches the water heat up, seeing steam rise from the spray and fog up the lens. He can still see, but it's a bit blurry.

When George gets in, Dream breathes out shakily. Dream can see his face as water drenches him from the top down, and if he trails his eyes down he can see shoulders, chest, stomach, and *just barely* his soft cock between his thighs.

Now, Dream has no belief in a god. He knows this and is comfortable with this. But as he inches closer and closer to his screen, watching George, he definitely feels some kind of spiritual awakening.

Or maybe he's just getting hard in his pants.

But he's not going to jerk off this time, this feels too sacred.

George lathers up shampoo in his hair, and Dream watches the suds catch on the dips of his collarbones then slide down the rest of his torso. He uses a conditioner, which surprises Dream, and then starts working on scrubbing the rest of his body down.

First he does his armpits and the rest of his arms, then all over his sternum and tummy. He rinses, then does his legs. It's very practiced and not super sexy, so Dream just watches it with half-interest, gaze catching on how bubbles and steam slide over George's damp skin. In the back of his mind he wishes he was there as he always does.

Pretty suddenly, as if George was waiting for something, his blurry brown eyes dart to the side of the showerhead and stare at the camera dead-on. Dream holds his breath and swallows, making eye contact for the first time with someone through one of his secret lenses. George doesn't look angry or anything, but Dream knows he's smart enough to know what he's looking at.

George licks his lips and his face splits into a wicked grin. Dream is wide-eyed at this point, staring at his best friend as he's stark naked in the shower; why is he the one who feels caught?

Caught he is, on a hook that George is holding in a vice grip. His face gets closer to the screen because George is turning around and lathering up more soap in his hands. He leans over with one hand on the wall, the other sliding between his cheeks and massaging over his hole with it.

Dream stares at his ass, watches the suds rinse away, and swallows again because his mouth has gone dry. He didn't notice, but his face and one set of fingers is pressed up to the screen, his lips parted as he breathes through his mouth at the sight.

Oh.

That's something.

He rips himself away from the screen, blinking his dry eyes and bringing his hands to the edge of his desk. George is still in front of him, smugly rinsing the conditioner from his hair before shutting the water off.

Then he gets out, and Dream can't see him anymore.

Dream shuts the security app, and starts to pace his room.

He's definitely been caught, found out at least in *some* way. So what does he do? Wait for George to say something? Go and say something first and take accountability? He's a little unsure of what the right thing to do at this point is, because he hasn't done the right thing a single time so far.

It turns out he doesn't have to do anything, because as he paces his room for a dizzying amount of time, eventually there's a foreign knock at his door that solves the problem for him. He goes to answer it, and is only a little surprised to see George standing there.

His hair is still a bit damp, but he's in a baggy pullover and sweats that look dry and comfortable. For a reason Dream isn't aware of, he's smiling.

"Hi, Dream."

"Hi, George."

"I found something in my room," George starts, tilting his head up when Dream looks to the side to

break eye contact. "I was wondering if you were aware of it."

Dream sighs and takes some steps back into his room. He beckons for George to follow after shutting the door, and sits at his desk where George can stand next to him.

"What did you find?" He asks as if he doesn't know. George doesn't seem upset, though, so he clings to that.

"There was something in my shower, and I'm not one hundred percent sure, but it looked like a camera. Placed right on the showerhead and pointing down... at me."

Dream winces, covering his face with a big hand. He's not hiding, but he's definitely not keen on George reading him right now.

"Yeah, I uh, installed some cameras before you guys moved in. Y'know, home security and all that."

"Home security?" George says with a laugh. "You don't think I'd be secure enough in my own shower? You worried I'd fall and hit my head?"

"George," Dream lets out another sigh, as if this whole situation isn't completely his fault. "You know why I put the camera in the shower. Do we have to do this the long way?"

"What's the short way?"

"You say you're not mad?"

George rolls his eyes, crossing his arms over his chest and looking down at him like he's *still* not angry, but very, *very* amused; a little bewildered as well.

"I'm not mad. I do want to know something though."

"What's that?" Dream looks up at him worriedly, bracing himself for something painful.

“Did you like my show?”

Dream removes his hand from his face, and it hovers awkwardly between them before he lands it on his desk. He doesn't touch anything on the desk, and in the back of his mind he remembers that his dick was pressed against the wood here only a week or so ago. And George has *no idea* . He shelves that for later, forcing himself to pay attention now.

“I... I've liked watching you. All of the times I've done it.”

“How many times?”

“Every day,” George is looking at him like he wants him to keep talking, so he swallows the embarrassment and continues the honest streak. “Sometimes for hours.”

“I haven't even been here that long.”

“Well,” Dream looks all around the room, anything to avoid George staring straight at him. “There might be cameras in Sapnap's room too.”

“Hold on,” George leans in, more accusing. “Cameras *plural* ? How many are there?”

“Not that many!” He looks at George so he knows he's not lying, his hands in front of his chest to defend himself. “Two in each of your rooms. One in the room and one in the bathroom.”

“Dream, you're such a *freak* .”

And it doesn't hurt like it should. The derogatory name should definitely make Dream feel bad, but instead he finds himself warmed by it. George keeps getting closer as well, getting right into Dream's space despite this betrayal.

“I'm not a freak-”

“You so are. Oh my *god* . Me *and* Sapnap? Can’t just have one?”

“Well, to be fair,” Dream sits up a little straighter in his chair, which means his face is pretty close to George’s at this point. “It makes sense I’d go for both. We’re a group of three. ‘Do not separate them’ or whatever the meme is.”

George is looking all over his face, his eyes can’t stay still for a second as he soaks in this information. For a brief second, Dream thinks he’s actually mad, like this is too much for him. He’s quickly corrected when George grabs him by the face and pulls him in for a kiss.

He practically drags him out of his chair, pulling him up and back until Dream has him backed against his desk. Their lips move feverishly, meeting and parting in a hungry dance that leaves them both dizzy. Dream pushes George’s back into the edge of the desk, smiling into the kiss when the older man grunts from it. They don’t stop kissing for a second, it’s too good to miss out on.

“You’re an idiot,” George mutters against his lips, a smile waxing over his features as Dream trails his lips down to his jaw to leave smaller kisses. “You can’t communicate for shit. What a roundabout way of getting us to fuck you.”

“How do you know I want you to fuck me?” Dream says it right into the skin of his neck, burrowing his face more so he can taste George on his tongue. He smells good, like fruity shampoo and clean laundry and, once more, *home* .

“You’re more than welcome to tell me any other ideas you have,” George teases, letting out a little noise when Dream digs his teeth into a sensitive spot on his neck. “Watch the teeth.”

“Mm,” Dream hums and pulls back, noting the spot has turned a soft pink, but won’t leave too much of a mark. He wants to paint George purple, but that will have to wait. “I wanna fuck you first, been thinking about it.”

George looks up at him, expression soft and welcoming, and Dream can barely believe it. It’s this easy? He’s allowed to want things, and even receive them? He moves his hands over George’s body, enjoying every second of touch he’s granted. The fact that all he has to do is ask tastes so sweet, he’s addicted to it.

He pushes George more into the desk, testing the waters. George is relatively pliant, only raising his eyebrows in response.

“Tell me what you’ve thought about?” George presses, lifting his chin and leveling Dream with a heated stare. It makes his skin prickle on the back of his neck and his palms sweat.

“Get naked first,” Dream replies, digging around for his lube and, after a moment of consideration, taking off his shirt. “And get on the bed.”

“So bossy.”

As Dream finally wraps his hand around the tube of lube he has, he turns to watch George slink to the bed. While he walks over he steps out of his pants and pulls his crewneck over his head. He keeps the t-shirt underneath on as well as his boxers, and when he’s sitting pretty on Dream’s bed in only that, he looks *delectable*. So much better in HD, instead of through a lens.

“Turn over.” Dream says it from the foot of the bed, merely observing as George moves. He does it slowly, ending up on his spread knees and arching his back with a laugh. “Stop trying to be sexy, you’re so annoying.”

George is still laughing, chuckling at his own ridiculousness as he casts a glance over his shoulder.

“I’m very sexy. You want me so bad.” It’s true, though it comes out as a joke, and Dream crawls up on the bed and wraps his arms around George’s smaller frame to get him to be quiet.

With George held to his chest, Dream places a kiss on the back of his neck before pulling back and settling on his calves. George’s ass is right in front of him, and he licks his lips as he reaches to tug his boxers down.

He reveals him slowly, taking in every inch of skin he can see and wanting to worship it all. The dip of his waist underneath the hem of his shirt down, down, *down* where his hole is hidden by soft skin, his balls and the hair that covers all of it and softens the skin there. Dream gets George’s boxers off and then just runs his hands over the flesh of his ass, pulling apart and squeezing in a gentle massage.

George drops his head to the pillows, breathing through his mouth over how big Dream’s hands feel on him. The snark has left the building for the moment, replaced by heady, foggy thoughts clogging his brain up. He gives up little hums and moans, and Dream accepts them into his eardrums so they can fry his brain alongside everything else that’s intoxicating about having the

older man underneath him. This much *George* is kind of overwhelming, and the caged animal feeling has warped into something like an overloaded circuit.

His thoughts and the emotions with them come to a high plateau, and he whispers into George's ear, "How do you like it?" in order to reset. He is going to get everything he wants, and needs to make sure George does too.

"Hard," George's accent makes the words delicate as glass, and they harbour the same sharp danger too. "Fast. Dirty."

"It's a shame you took a shower," Dream muses to cover up the way his heart is stuck in his throat. He's hungry to hurt, to touch, to get access to every unseen crevice that makes up George's body. "Next time, if you don't, I'll eat you out."

"*Dream*," George hisses. "Shut the fuck up and finger me. God, you're horrific."

Dream chuckles, grateful that he's not the only one enjoying himself. Because as much as George is claiming to be annoyed, Dream can see he's getting hard. Whether it's from the words, the hands, all of it, he doesn't have time to ask because George is fixing him with a look.

He bites his lip to stop laughing, batting his eyelashes and everything so George will turn back around. He does so with a huff, and Dream smacks him on the ass for it.

"*Dream*." George says with his head down so the other man won't see him smiling.

"What?" Dream replies easily, though he pops open the lube and slicks up his fingers without George responding again. The sound is enough to keep George quiet, though he leans his ass back more into Dream's clean hand. He's been rubbing small circles into the skin, and George hums in appreciation.

Dream spreads his cheeks and massages the warm, lubed finger over George's hole, smiling despite himself at the choked noise George lets out. His finger dips in shallowly then continues just petting at him. Teasing, obnoxiously so.

"I hate you so much." George breathes out, panting slightly.

“Earlier, during your little ‘show’,” Dream says calmly, ignoring George’s insult. “You did this. Made me jealous.” His finger slides in the smallest fraction, then comes right back out.

“I’m not going to beg for it, *freak* . You wish.” George spits.

“Hmm,” Dream slides his finger into the first knuckle, then teases back out. He does it quick a few times, smugly enjoying how George’s breathing gets worse. “You sure about that?”

“I know how bad you want me, *shit* . Doesn’t matter how- how much I want you back. I still win.”

“You don’t sound like you’re winning.”

“Your finger goes in deeper every time,” George moans, and is correct in his prediction of Dream’s next movement. The finger slips in and curls, getting another pleased sound out of George’s chest. “I can- I can wait.”

Dream slows down, crooking his finger and searching inside of George’s hot walls. When he pulls his finger out next, he slides two in after and curls both fingers. That gets a high keen out of George, and Dream is so enthralled by the sounds he’s making he’s able to put the competitiveness to the side. He gives in, thrusting his fingers in at an even pace that turns George’s arms into jelly.

He slumps forward into the pillows, ass in the air and thighs shaking as Dream fingers him. It’s better than he could’ve fathomed, and the wet heat that his fingers are feeling is so much better than the toy he bought ever could try. Dream adds a third finger and speeds up, pumping them in and out of George’s trembling body.

“Fast enough for you?” Dream says over George’s head, leaning down so the older man can hear how proud he is of himself.

“Shut up, idiot, and fuck me.”

“Why are you being so mean, George? No need to act so high and mighty.”

“I can’t believe you were watching me.” George laughs as he says it, like he still can’t believe it.

“You like it.” Dream hides the self-consciousness that wants to come from George’s words, instead concentrates on taking him apart with his fingers.

“Sapnap too. When are we gonna bring him in? *Ah-* ”

“Now *you* need to shut up.” Dream pulls his fingers out and gives George’s ass another smack to punctuate the sentence. George giggles dizzily and slumps over more.

Dream pulls his pants off and throws them across the floor, ignoring the fact that he’s smeared lube onto them. Once he’s completely naked, he turns back to George, who’s looking over at him with his mouth open as he breathes.

“What?” Dream asks as he picks up the lube again, his cock hard and turned up towards his stomach.

“I just-” George starts, then seems to remember he said he wouldn’t beg. He licks his lips and puts his head back down, and Dream can see a shiver take him over once he settles. He’s thinking about him, that’s for sure.

With a little chuckle, Dream adds more lube to the palm of his hand and drags it over his cock, stroking and looking over George all spread out in front of him. George wiggles his ass a little, which makes Dream laugh more.

“You’re cute.”

“Shut *up* ,” George pops the P and everything, looking over his shoulder to shoot Dream and playful glare. “Get to it.”

Dream rolls his eyes but gets closer, teasing his fingers over George’s hole again just to check that he’s stretched. His rim opens easily, practically sucking in his fingers. It makes him exhale a little shakily, and George hums to let him know he noticed.

He gets up on his knees and adjusts his cock into the position, sliding in slowly and watching George's ribs expand with a deep breath.

"Hey, relax." Dream says softly, petting his hands over George's slight waist.

"I am relaxed."

Once he's in completely, he has to stop. The walls around him are hot and tight, and he feels his mind spinning with the delirious levels of pleasure. He feels his control slipping, cockiness sucked away as he tries to catch his breath. George is still shaking beneath him, so open and willing for whenever Dream is ready.

The muscles squeezed around him tense and relax as George accommodates to Dream's size, both of them silent as they process how far they've gone.

"Fuck, George." Dream mutters. His stomach rolls in time with George's getting *tighter* as he tenses. Then he relaxes again and it's a little easier to breathe.

"You can move." George says back, starting to move his hips before Dream grabs and stops him.

"No. I can't," Dream's heart is beating too fast in his chest, oxygen not quite reaching his brain from the feeling of *George* all around him. He bites down on his shoulder to try and calm down, but it's so *much* and so *good* . " *Shit* ."

George laughs at him, actually *laughs* and it makes his insides vibrate. Dream's grip on George's hip gets tighter, pulling him back to full sheathed and breathing hot air over the skin of his upper back.

" *Dreeeam* , you good?" George asks tauntingly, turning his head to see Dream's utterly debauched expression.

Drool slips from Dream's lips and slides down George's back, and he pulls out slowly to push back in again, head hanging low.

“Youfeelsogood.” Dream whispers all in a rush, building up a slow pace that will keep him from losing his mind.

“You’re a- *ah* , proper idiot. Years of build up for you to get overwhelmed so- so fast.” George is trying to be smug, but Dream’s hands are starting to move his hips opposite of his thrusts, and it’s getting harder to pretend he’s unaffected as well.

“ *George* .” Dream says, because that’s all he can think.

“ *Harder* ,” George grits out as Dream picks up the pace. “Fuck me like you mean it.”

Dream’s hips move faster, slamming into George’s tight heat as sweat drips from his temple down his neck. His hands shake where they hold George close, and little whimpers keep slipping from his lips without his permission.

“You’re such a bitch, I knew it,” George says smugly, reaching up and grabbing onto the headboard so he can arch his back more. “You sure *you* aren’t going to beg?”

He is, he *definitely* is. The word ‘*please* ’ rests on the tip of his tongue as George moves so pliantly beneath him. Dream doesn’t even know what he’s asking for, he’s getting everything he wants, but it’s like he knows George can give him more.

“Dream...” George leans back, his head coming up and turning to look at Dream. His hand grabs behind him for the other man’s neck, pulling him as close as possible. “I want you to beg,” he stage-whispers it right into Dream’s ear.

“Please. *Fuck* , George,” Dream speeds up, pressing his lips sloppily to George’s neck as he fucks into him. “ *Please please please* .”

“What do you want, Dreamie? You’ve gotta give me more than that.”

Besides his laboured breathing and the way he gasps with every couple of thrusts, George sounds calmer than before, and his hand stays gentle where it cups Dream’s face.

“Dream?” George asks again.

“Tell me you love me, *please* George. I’m begging.”

George closes his eyes and moans over it, which makes Dream smile despite the humiliation that’s currently setting him on fire.

“Jesus, that’s- that’s one thing to ask for.”

Dream adjusts his hips and narrows in on the spot that makes George’s eyes roll back into his skull. He’s smearing spit on George’s neck, still trying to stay close. His hips get a little sloppy as the pleasure of pleasing someone else *finally* sinks in.

“Please, I’m being good, right? Tell me you love me,” Dream nips at George’s earlobe to hear his breath catch. “*George* . I know you do. *Please* .”

“Okay, okay,” George moans low in his chest after he gets the words out. His eyelids flutter and his mouth hangs open before he collects himself again. “Dream- *fuck* , fine. I love you, okay?”

“Thank you,” Dream exhales over the shell of his ear, speeding up further and getting a whimper stuck in his throat. “Thank you- thank you.”

“Shut up,” George says with a laugh. He gives a peck to Dream’s cheek and if he wasn’t panting so hard he’d be smiling. “Cum inside me. Get me off.”

Dream *does* whimper this time. The idea of filling George up makes his tummy warm significantly, and his hand reaches forward to take George’s cock in an eager fist. He concentrates on actually leaving kisses on his neck, too, just to spoil him.

George is humming happily from the kisses until the first couple of tugs make him bite his lip. His face scrunches up as Dream overwhelms him with heady touch in the best way.

“Are you close?” Dream asks lowly, feeling himself approaching the edge.

“Mhmm, keep going.” George replies and then immediately replaces his teeth’s residence in his bottom lip.

And he’s so pretty when he’s close, Dream debates stopping his own pleasure just to see George crack a little. He’s smitten, though, and instead squeezes George’s cock on every thrust up, bringing him closer and closer until Dream cums inside him. It’s a hard fight to keep jerking him off while his brain whites out, but it’s worth it to hear the high-pitched keen George makes as he spills over Dream’s lazy hand.

“So good.” George mumbles, shaking as Dream’s thrusts slow before he pulls out. Then he slumps over again on the bedsheets, smiling up at Dream sleepily.

“You look fucked.” Dream slurs back, chuckling at the way his voice sounds and leaning down to press a kiss to George’s shoulder.

“Do you think we could both fit in your bathtub?”

“One way to find out.”

Dream gets up first, putting the lube back where it belongs and moving to the en suite to get the bath running. When steam floats out of the door and back into the bedroom, George gets up and follows. As his feet touch the tiled floor, Dream looks up from where he’s on his knees feeling the bath water.

“Sapnap is gonna wonder what we’re doing.” George says into the room full of noise, his face hard to read.

“Can’t two bros take a bath together?” Dream attempts to joke, though he’s unsurprised when it falls flat.

“We definitely have to tell him, but I was wondering something.”

George comes further into the bathroom and steps right up to the tub. He dips his feet in first and then sinks all the way down as the water continues to fill. Dream is watching him carefully.

“What?”

With a sudden smirk, Dream is once again experiencing the feeling of being *caught* by the older man. He, as the last time, likes it. George looks towards his toes sticking out of the water and holds the smile on his face.

“Can I watch him first?”

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

“George,” Dream says, tucking his head on George’s shoulder. “Do you wanna watch him today?”

It’s been a few days since they got together, and honestly not much has changed. George traipsing around half-dressed is the main difference, and it’s one Dream is perfectly satisfied with. It means he can admire his body from any camera in the house, and come see it in HD when he tires of it through a lens.

Dream still wants more, though he isn’t sure how to ask for it.

“Mm, sure.”

Chapter Notes

thank u razz raspberrywildfire for talking to me about this when i got stuck because god. i was stuck for a WHILE but their big sexy brain saved me. so grateful <3

George knowing about the cameras definitely makes Dream’s life a little more interesting. If it was a problem before how much time he spent in his room, it only seems to get worse.

Because George is the *biggest* tease. He’s well aware of his effect on Dream and seems to take any spare moment to lounge around his room barely clothed. It even bleeds into his behaviour outside his room, which Sapnap obviously takes note of.

“Why aren’t you wearing a shirt?” The youngest asks one day as George makes toast in the kitchen.

“Do I have to?” Is his reply, which makes Dream snort.

“I guess not.”

A secret smile forms on George’s face as he pulls his toast out of the toaster. He reaches across Dream’s space to grab a knife from the drawer, and the expanse of skin of his arms makes Dream

blush despite himself. Look, he likes looking at George, seeing this much of him all the time is kind of a lot.

Sapnap is watching them carefully, trying to piece together in his head what it all means. When George turns to him and goes, “what?” He doesn’t have too much to say, though.

“You guys are weird.” Sapnap decides on. As he takes his leave from the room he pinches George’s side and smirks when the oldest makes an offended noise.

Then it’s just him and Dream. The people who know.

Dream stands in the middle of the kitchen, leaning his hip against the counter and watching George start on his toast. He doesn’t say anything, just watches, keen on admiring George’s lithe form a little longer.

“What?” George asks again, this time around a mouthful of food.

“ *You* what?” Dream shoots back.

Rolling his eyes and taking another bite, George crosses one arm over his chest. He looks a little cold, honestly, considering how low Dream keeps the temperature in the house. Dream is dressed in a long sleeve shirt and sweats, so he gets a little closer and gets an arm around George. It’s a half-hug, more of him draping himself over the other man.

“Big lug.” George comments as he continues eating, half-interested as he looks over where his crumbs are getting on Dream’s shirt.

“George,” Dream says, tucking his head on George’s shoulder. “Do you wanna watch him today?”

It’s been a few days since they got together, and honestly not much has changed. George traipsing around half-dressed is the main difference, and it’s one Dream is perfectly satisfied with. It means he can admire his body from any camera in the house, and come see it in HD when he tires of it through a lens.

Dream still wants more, though he isn't sure how to ask for it.

"Mm," George hums, finishing his snack and wiping his hands on the back of Dream's shirt.
"Sure."

"Hey," Dream lifts his head as he feels the hands on him. "Don't be gross."

"You're gross." George responds boredly, leaning his head up for a kiss.

First Dream looks down at him, taking into account how much bigger his body is, how it covers George completely like this, then he gives him a kiss. George grabs for his face, pulling him even closer over him. Kisses turn into light laughter, soon they're giggling into each other's mouths for no particular reason. Maybe it just feels fun to have a secret.

A hand finds its way to George's waist, and Dream starts to walk backwards out of the kitchen. He keeps his hand touching something as George follows. As they go up the stairs and eventually pass Sapnap's room, George shushes him despite the fact he wasn't talking, which makes Dream scoff.

"You're so annoying." Dream states with a hidden smile, earning him another shush.

Once they get to Dream's room George pulls away and sits on the bed. At first Dream takes in the scene; George leaning back on his hands on the bed, shoulders on display and looking perfectly at home in Dream's space. He chews on his lower lip as he heads to his computer, forcing himself to stop staring.

"What?" George asks with a matching grin, loving the attention though he won't admit it.

"I like you. Shut up." Dream replies as he turns his computer on.

George rolls his eyes *again* because *of course* he does, getting up from the bed and following Dream to the desk. He puts his head on Dream's shoulder as they wait for it to all start up, and his eyes stay interested and focused on the screen.

"So... you just sit here and watch? For hours?"

“Yeah,” Dream says, sighing to hide his embarrassment. “You’ll see.”

The security app loads, the front door camera showing nothing of interest. Dream presses through the different cameras until he gets to the one in Sapnap’s room, and George gasps as the picture comes into focus.

Sapnap is sitting on his bed with a hand in his pants, a show on his laptop in front of him. He’s in a t-shirt and shorts, nothing too fantastic, but the unguarded expression while the two watch him makes something stir in Dream’s stomach. Like it always does.

“Do you get it now?” Dream looks over to George, who’s staring at the screen with wide eyes.

“Kind of.”

He leans into where George is touching him, snaking an arm around his bare waist and running his fingers over George’s hip bone. Dream touches gently, keeping his eyes on his face.

“Can I touch? While you watch?”

George nods.

So Dream comes around the back of him, his hands rubbing circles and exploring the expanse of George’s stomach. He keeps his contact firm, moving George’s skin slightly as he feels over his chest too. His mouth touches down on his neck, and he starts leaving soft kisses there.

With a happy hum, George leans back into Dream’s chest, shutting his eyes over the nice feeling of hands and lips.

“Uh uh,” Dream reaches up and holds George by the jaw, angling his face back to the screen. “Keep your eyes on him.”

A shiver runs through George’s shoulders at Dream’s tone. The hand holding his jaw goes higher

and fingers press on George's bottom lip. With the tip of his tongue, George coaxes them in further. He laves his tongue over Dream's fingertips, wrapping his lips around them as Dream uses his other hand to keep the heavy petting.

On the screen Sapnap adjusts his position, keeping the hand in his pants. George's eyes shut slightly, going lidded as he watches the other man breathe. His hair is a little rustled and it makes him look more soft and handsome than usual.

"He's so pretty." George says around the fingers in his mouth. Dream pulls them out a little and George shakes his head, wanting them back where he can taste.

"You like things in your mouth?" Dream asks as he prods at George's teeth.

"Mhmm."

"Good to know."

George relaxes into Dream's hold, letting himself be at the other man's mercy. Sapnap tilts his laptop a little, and it makes George smile. He can admit that the way the youngest has no idea he's being watched has a nice feeling to it. His stomach is warmed by the idea, Dream's touch only adding to how pleasant it all is.

"It's so-" George starts, swallowing for a second to keep from drooling. "Clear."

"What do you mean?" Dream nudges, petting over his lower lip with his fingers and leaning down to kiss his neck.

"The camera. You got nice ones. Can see everything."

Dream smiles against his neck, giving a little nip to keep it interesting. He moves one of his hands down to the keyboard and hits the zoom in button, delighting in the way George groans over the HD shot of Sapnap's innocent form. His hand is still in his pants, not moving, just holding himself. It makes Dream's brain whirl with fantasies.

“Tell me what you wanna do to him.”

After asking nicely, hands resuming their pleasant touch, he grinds his hips against George’s lower back. He’s still fully dressed, so it’s a little unsatisfying, but the pressure of George in front of him feels far from *bad* .

“Wanna touch,” George lightly digs his teeth into the tips of Dream’s fingers, apologizing with a kittenlick right after. “Not fair I can’t touch.”

“Hmm.” Dream hums back. “You wanna use your mouth on him? I bet he’d like that.”

“... Yes.”

“Tell me about it?”

George pauses, seeming to almost get shy for a minute. It’s unlike him, and causes Dream to tilt his head so he can look at him properly. His eyes are foggy and incredibly focussed on the screen, it’s obvious his mind is coming up with plenty of creative things to do. Dream wants to *know* .

“His cock in my mouth,” George finally says. “I wanna see it so bad, want to feel it in my mouth, and-”

“He has a nice cock. Thick and pretty like him.”

“Fuck,” George leans back, feeling Dream’s hardness twitch against the top of his ass. “I wanna eat him out, Dream. I bet he tastes so good.”

That kind of takes him out, a dark blush heating up his cheeks as he tucks his face back into George’s neck. His hips churn forward, grinding against the other man while he breathes him in.

“I thought that was ‘horrific’?”

“ *Dream* . Shut up and touch me.”

He wastes no time after that, not even taking George's pants off all the way. Dream just shucks them down his thighs, immediately grabbing his hard cock and pumping it a few times in a big fist. George makes a pretty keening sound, leaning back again, and Dream moves his lips up to bite down the lobe of his ear.

Panting right into his ear, harsh grip on George's cock, he jerks him off slowly.

"Keep talking."

"I bet you'd love watching," George keeps his gaze on Sapnap, who has pulled his hand out of his pants and laid down on his side while he continues to watch his show. It means they can see his ass in his little shorts, track where the hair on his legs trails up and gets more dense on his thighs. While not discussing it, both of them are aware how much they want to feel it under their hands, lips, anything really. "My tongue in his ass and you jerking off over his face. He'd look so good with cum on his mouth."

"*George*," Dream remembers his fantasy from a few nights ago, dropping his head down to the shoulder in front of him and trying to catch his breath. His hand doesn't stop moving, twists a little on the pull up as his thumb dips into the slit on top. When George gasps from it, he smiles though he's still breathing hard. "I had a fantasy just like that. I watched him sleep, his lips open and practically begging for a dick between them."

"You think he'd let you fuck his mouth?"

Dream squeezes his cock tighter, coaxing another groan out of George.

"He's made for it."

"Yeah, yeah." George mutters it, writhing slightly against where Dream has him pinned between his body and the desk. The blonde pushes him forward, just enough to get his hips to dig into the wood, and George can feel how hard he is behind him, pressed against his bare back. Dream's pants are tight, but there's a level of desperation in the way that they're doing this that's mildly addicting.

He speeds up his hand, the one formerly in George's mouth moving down to play with his nipples. It starts curious more than anything, then upon hearing George's breath catch at the touches, he

gets a little meaner. Dream digs his nail in, then squeezes the bud between his fingers, loving how George arches his back both away from him yet closer.

George is getting close, if his panting and droopy eyes mean anything. His cock keeps twitching in Dream's hand, precum drooling out of the tip and tainting his skin. There's a blush over his chest that only gets redder at the delicious pain from Dream's hands. The feeling of Dream bucking against him reminds him of getting fucked in this same room, the memory only days ago and easy to sink into.

“*Dream* .” He moans, quickly going silent again because Sapnap is moving on the screen.

Shutting his laptop, he starts to get up from the bed. George inhales sharply as he takes in the tent in his shorts from where he had been playing with himself. He's half-hard and doesn't seem to be embarrassed about it. Why would he? He has no idea he's being watched.

Sapnap scratches his stomach, George staring at it with his mouth open as he gets closer and closer. He's not even doing anything, just existing by himself in his own space. But it's *vulnerable*, the innocence of it all so sweet to take in.

“Dream please- I'm-”

“Go ahead, show me how much you like him.”

George goes lax against Dream's chest, his head dropping slightly while he fights to keep watching the camera feed. Dream's hand focuses on squeezing around the head of his cock, moving in tiny tugs that make George's mouth drop open. Little noises slip out, and he forces himself to bite down on his lip so he stops sounding near-pathetic. It's just too good, just slightly fucked up enough to be disgustingly perfect.

George cums in Dream's hand, finally closing his eyes as he does, Sapnap's name falling from his mouth before he can think too hard about it.

Dream snorts, ignoring how much he wants to finish himself in favour of embarrassing his friend.

“Wrong name, sweetheart.”

“No it wasn’t.” George mumbles, half-present and half-boneless.

To punish him a little bit, Dream runs his hand from the base of his cock up to the tip again, smearing cum over George’s skin and making him flinch in overstimulation.

“Who’s hand is on you right now?”

No response, just George trying to pull away. Dream pulls him back, grinding his hips and gaining an easy rhythm.

“Say my name, George,” Dream continues as he chases his own release, ignoring how embarrassing it should be to cum in his pants. He’s too riled up, still hyper-aware that George’s cum dirties his hand and flushed skin begs to be touched. “Please?” He tacks on as an afterthought, far past embarrassed when it comes to begging at this point. When George feels this good against him, it’s hard to have an ego.

“There’s your manners,” George replies sleepily. He turns in Dream’s hold with a little difficulty, only being released when he starts to drop to his knees after pulling his pants back up. Once he’s in front of Dream’s crotch, he looks up with pretty doe eyes and pushes his cheek against the clothed bulge there. “Dream?”

His smile is wicked, absolutely the cat who got the cream. And Dream is weak to that, okay? So when he nuts in his pants immediately, eyes taking in George shirtless and on his knees saying his name all sweet, there’s only shame after he starts to calm down.

Then the stickiness is noticed, and he cringes as George nuzzles his nose against him.

“You couldn’t take my pants off?” Dream asks after a short silence, their eyes looking at each other while Sappnap mills about in his room on the screen. “You had to make me be gross? Is this what you wanted?”

“Not my fault you came in two seconds. Maybe if you had self control I could have blown you,” George says easily, starting to pull Dream’s pants down to inspect the damage. As he discovers his dirty, cum-streaked underwear, he licks his lips and looks back up. “I won’t lie, though, I’m pretty satisfied by this.”

Dream scoffs, starting to pull away himself and raising an eyebrow when George grabs his hips. He's about to ask questions when George's tongue comes out and starts lapping at his softening cock. His eyes have shut again, and he looks like he doesn't want to be disturbed.

He's way too sensitive, holding back tiny whimpers and shivers as George works, but the sight is too fantastic to say no to. Suffering in silence, he watches George clean him off until he backs up and helps him out of his pants.

"Are you gonna change?"

"Obviously." Dream steps out of the soiled clothes and tosses them into the hamper, ignoring George moving to sit criss-cross on the floor while he gets something new to wear.

In his closet he finds some new boxers and sweatpants, slipping them on and instantly feeling better. He turns to where George is looking back up at his computer, watching Sapnap move his laptop to his desk and then leave the room. In this lull of action, Dream sucks into the en suite to wash his hands off. When he comes back, George is standing a little shakily and looking down at himself.

"Do you think I should change?"

"You look fine, you're just all blushy."

"Hmm," George drifts towards Dream's closet, poking his head in and stealing a shirt to slip on over his torso. "Better?"

Dream walks over to him, wrapping him up in a hug and running his hands over the fabric of his own shirt over George's smaller body.

"Pretty good." George smiles at him.

He shuts down his computer as George heads to the door, and as he leaves, Dream follows shortly after. George seems like he's headed to the kitchen, so he goes after him because maybe he's a little clingy in the post-orgasm haze.

When they see Sapnap on the couch, George doesn't falter, but Dream can't help but swallow.

George walks right over, no issue at all with interacting with the youngest. He smacks his hand on top of his head, smiling when he's glared at afterwards.

"Dinner?" George asks, squinting back when Sapnap looks at him quizzically.

"Is that your shirt?" Sapnap asks, eyes moving from George to Dream and back again.

"No. It's Dream's."

Sapnap doesn't seem to know what to say to that, just keeps looking at them.

"What? I got cold." George continues, sticking his tongue out before heading into the kitchen.

Dream snorts at his lack of grace George navigates their conversations with. He raises his eyebrows when Sapnap looks over at him for answers, adding in a shrug when no more speech comes.

"He got cold." Dream says, starting towards the kitchen himself.

"Whatever," Sapnap grunts as he gets up from the couch and starts to follow. "You two are down bad. You'll figure it out eventually."

Yeah, because it's just us. Definitely no interest in you, dude. Dream chews on the inside of his cheek to keep from smiling as they join George in the kitchen. He's rooting through the fridge, and Dream can't help but admire how he looks in his clothes. Instead of touching like he wants to, he leans against the counter and crosses his arms over his chest.

Sapnap seems quiet and thoughtful, moving behind George and trying to see what he's looking for. "Why are *you* looking in the fridge? You can't cook for shit."

“True,” George replies, pulling out some chicken and leftover rice. “I can use a microwave, though, and neither of you are making moves to feed me.”

“Am I your slave?” Sapnap asks, looking mildly unamused when George meets his gaze as he pulls away from the fridge.

“You could be.” George replies cheekily, pursing his lips and tilting his head all flirty.

It makes Sapnap blush, but he looks like he’s internally struggling with it. It’s incredibly endearing, Dream withholds the urge to cross the room and wrap his arms around him. He’s just so cute and oblivious, both of those adjectives complimenting each other nicely. Dream knows he has to tell him, *soon* now that him and George are fucking around, but he’s just so fucking *adorable* when he doesn’t know what’s going on.

George bumps his hip against Sapnap’s side as he goes by, leaving the fridge door open and setting his food on the counter. He reaches up for a plate, getting up on his toes and leaning over the counter to grab it. It’s then that Sapnap realizes Dream is watching him stare, and he quickly turns and shuts the refrigerator to look natural. It doesn’t work.

“You want help?” Dream asks, pushing off the counter and coming up behind George. He really crowds in, not scared to touch like Sapnap is. His hands come around and land on the counter, caging George against the cabinets like he just did at his desk.

“Not from you,” George shoots back, keeping his eyes down as he puts his food together on a plate. Seeming uninterested in Dream, he turns his head to where Sapnap is watching, wide-eyed. “Can you get me a glass of water, please?”

Sapnap buffers for a second, his mind obviously chugging along through all of the signals Dream and George are sending. Eventually he seems to give up on figuring out what’s happening, instead moving to the other side of the kitchen to get a glass and filling it up with water from the fridge. Then he puts it down on the counter by George’s plate, close to the two of them but not touching.

“Shove over,” George says to Dream, pushing at his arms until he backs up so he can get his plate in the microwave. He hits the buttons and as it starts heating his food up, he grabs the glass of water and takes a sip. Smiling sweetly afterwards, he keeps his eyes on Sapnap’s face and tells him: “Thanks, Sap.”

“No sweat.”

He looks nervous and confused, and after a second he turns towards the fridge himself and opens it to get his own food. As he starts on his own task, they can see his shoulders relax slightly. When George chuckles, Dream digs an elbow into his ribs.

“I’m not hungry, so I’m going back to my room. Later.”

George doesn’t say anything, his eyes heavy on Sapnap’s back. When the youngest turns and gives a little wave to Dream leaving the room, he doesn’t notice George’s predatory gaze.

But Dream does.

After he’s out of the kitchen, headed towards his bedroom, he shakes his head and laughs to himself. Whatever George is about to do, it’s certainly going to be interesting. A good friend would check in and see where he’s going with it, but he has a feeling it won’t take long for him to find out.

And in case George doesn’t tell him, Dream has other ways of knowing what happens beneath this roof. He just had to wait and see.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

“So you’ve been secretly watching me for how long?”

“Well, you *and* George,” Dream argues, picking at the sheets with nervous fingers. “I put the cameras up right before you moved in. Also, there’s no mics on them so it’s not, like, super creepy or anything.”

“Dream,” Sapnap interrupts, pursing his lips and giving a harsher stare. “It’s all creepy. You’re fucking creepy as shit for this.”

“Okay, that’s fair I guess. George didn’t think so.”

George snorts from his spot tucked into Sapnap, raising his head to squint at Dream with a shit-eating grin on his face. “Of course I thought you were creepy. I’m just also creepy so that trumped over any negativity I had for the situation.” He slips one of his hands from Sapnap’s stomach up to cup his face and turn him back towards him. “Worth it to be creeped on ‘cause I got to watch you. You’re so *cute*, Sap, do you know?”

Dream’s spidey sense is tingling. The horny one that was specifically made to alert him that something is happening in the house that he needs to know about. Like when a dad can tell that his children are knocking shit over in the kitchen while he’s at the grocery store. But horny.

He shakes his head, tossing away the analogy that both doesn’t make sense and is kind of weird. Dream needs to focus and figure out what he’s missing, because as he’s been lounging on the couch he can *tell* that George is doing something. Standing quickly, he listens to the subtle shifting of the house around him and can’t deduce anything.

There’s no suspicious noises or the sound of anyone talking, at least on the ground floor. He debates going upstairs and checking the rooms, but what’s the fun in that? No, it’s way more interesting to slip into his room and check the cameras. So he goes right to his room and wakes up his computer, tapping his finger on the mouse as it all boots up.

The camera feed comes in, starting with the front door as always. Nothing.

Dream skips through the different cams, finding nothing of interest in the rooms he was just around. But when he gets to Sapnap’s room, there’s something.

Someone is standing in the doorway of his room, Sapnap hovering by the bed and talking to them. It's George, obviously, but what is he saying? Dream curses himself for not getting cameras with a microphone on them for the millionth time. He stares at the screen, trying to discern what they're talking about, but there's no way to tell.

So he gets comfortable in his seat and watches them talk. Sapnap seems a little nervous, and it only increases when George takes a couple steps into the room. It's like he knows Dream is watching, maybe he does, because he's just barely in frame of the camera now. He's got a cocksure grin on his face, saying something to Sapnap that makes the younger man scratch the back of his neck.

Should Dream go upstairs and see what they're talking about? No, how would he explain that he knew they were talking? Why does it matter? George and Sapnap are allowed to talk, that's fine.

But he can't stop looking at George's face. He's plotting something, Dream can tell, and he keeps taking steps closer to Sapnap. Sapnap takes a few steps back until his legs are flush to his bed. George keeps coming closer, Sapnap sits on the bed.

Dream leans forward in his chair, making sure he doesn't press against the screen again and get too lost in it. But how could he not? George is still pressing, getting closer and closer until he's practically on top of Sapnap, who's sweating bullets.

Then he really does it. George gets in Sapnap's lap and lowers him down until his back is against the mattress. Dream can't really see Sapnap's face, but he doesn't have to know his eyes are wide and confused. God, he wishes he could see it.

Oh, wait.

Dream zooms in, and sure enough, there's Sapnap's pretty blushing face only a breath away from George's dangerous smile. They're so close, George is still just talking, and Dream licks his lips.

They both look dreadfully good like this, George a seasoned hunter and Sapnap his innocent prey. Dream brings one of his fingers to his mouth and chews at the nail, focussing sharp eyes on the way George's mouth moves.

When he leans in, placing a throwaway kiss on Sapnap's lips, Dream inhales through his nose.

It seems to be mirrored in Sapnap, whose eyes have slipped shut immediately. George is still smiling, leaning in again to press a firmer kiss to the younger man's mouth. This time, Sapnap tilts his head up from the bed and kisses back, and then they're off to the races.

Hands reaching for each other, nestling into hair and the fabric of shirts. George kisses like he means it, like he's been waiting for centuries; Sapnap takes every shred of attention and savours it like dark chocolate. It's quite the resolution of patience and anticipation.

Dream settles back in his seat, head tilting as he watches George lick into Sapnap's mouth. In the back of his mind he knows he's supposed to be jealous or something, but he's enjoying the show a little too much to care. It isn't until one of George's hands goes under Sapnap's shirt that he decides to intervene. Because if they're going *there*, Dream wants- no, *needs* to be involved.

He gets up from his desk and leaves the camera running because he's not thinking and also doesn't really care. The stairs are soon in front of him and he's taking them two at a time, slightly nervous in the few seconds he can't see what's happening between his friends.

Sapnap's door is cracked open, which Dream scoffs at. He opens it immediately and steps in, completely disregarding any rules of knocking or whatever. George doesn't seem to want to put any energy into turning around, but Sapnap lifts his head up from where he's pinned to the bed.

"Dream?" God, he sounds out of it already. George's lips are attached to his scruffy jaw and he's kissing him like he's dying. Sapnap's sleepy gaze finds Dream at the door.

At first he just stands there, taking in the way their bodies look together. They look good, really fucking good, and he's very glad he's here in person instead of watching it through a camera lens. The blush on Sapnap's cheeks is sweet and pretty, the cut of George's jaw enticing and hot.

"I felt left out," Dream says, slightly out of breath from booking it up the stairs. He goes more into the room and Sapnap's eyebrows are furrowing. "George, you're not supposed to start without me."

"Start without you?" Sapnap asks, his eyelids fluttering every few seconds when George starts to bring his teeth into the equation. There's lithe hands slipping under his shirt again, playing with the hair on his stomach and softness around his hips. "How did you even- *shit*, George, know what we-" He cuts off as George sucks the skin of his neck into his mouth only for a second. "What we were doing?"

“The cameras, idiot.” Dream replies without thinking, brain a bit muddled from the sight in front of him. He’s on his hands and knees on the bed pretty quick, getting closer to the two and hovering right next to them. He only realizes his mistake after he processes Sapnap’s confused look.

“What cameras? Don’t call me an idiot when you just- what is happening?”

Sapnap sits up, pushing George away though he looks like he doesn’t want to. He seems a bit lightheaded, swaying slightly as he gets to an upright position. George is clingy, rubbing his cheek against Sapnap’s shoulder and looking up at his face with a secret smile.

“Dream put cameras in the house,” George answers for him, because Dream’s brain kind of flatlined when he caught up to his mouth. “In all the rooms of the house,” he nuzzles Sapnap again and his fingers keep exploring under his shirt. “Including our bedrooms and bathrooms, obviously.”

“Wait, wait, wait,” Sapnap closes his eyes, one hand pinching the bridge of his nose as he tries to take in the onslaught of the information. “There is so much going on right now. Fucking *first of all* : why is George kissing me when you guys are obviously a thing? And why did Dream put cameras in the house? *And* why did neither of you tell me fucking *anything* ?”

“Do you actually want me to answer all of those questions?” Dream asks quietly.

“Yes. Please.”

“Okay,” Dream lies on his side on the bed, looking up at Sapnap’s flustered face. George doesn’t seem bothered by any of it, lowering his head to sniff and kiss at Sapnap’s neck again. “Before you moved in I got some security cameras for the house for, like, genuine safety, okay? And then I had some extras so I got the idea to put them in your rooms. So I did. George found one of them and came to me and we, uh, yeah-”

“You fucked?”

“Yes.”

Sapnap leans back on one hand, the other finding the back of George’s head and playing with the hairs at the nape of his neck.

“We didn’t really talk about it?” Dream continues, eyes darting around the room while Sapnap looks right at him. “But I guess we’re kind of together. But we also like you. And we watched you. And fucked again. While- while watching you. And now we’re here.”

“So you’ve been secretly watching me for how long?”

“Well, you *and* George,” Dream argues, picking at the sheets with nervous fingers. “I put the cameras up right before you moved in. Also, there’s no mics on them so it’s not, like, super creepy or anything.”

“Dream,” Sapnap interrupts, pursing his lips and giving a harsher stare. “It’s all creepy. You’re fucking creepy as shit for this.”

“Okay, that’s fair I guess. George didn’t think so.”

George snorts from his spot tucked into Sapnap, raising his head to squint at Dream with a shit-eating grin on his face. “Of course I thought you were creepy. I’m just also creepy so that trumped over any negativity I had for the situation.” He slips one of his hands from Sapnap’s stomach up to cup his face and turn him back towards him. “Worth it to be creeped on ‘cause I got to watch you. You’re so *cute* , Sap, do you know?”

He looks wicked as he says it, obviously delighting in the way Sapnap blushes at the nice words. It’s clear the youngest is trying to be mad, but the flattery behind all of the weirdness, the attention of Dream and George surrounding him on his bed, it’s difficult to focus on the bad parts. Plus, if they both think it’s okay, it can’t be *that* bad right?

It’s not like Sapnap never found out. When he asked Dream answered, what more could he want?

Sapnap draws his bottom lip between his teeth and bites down, blushing deeper at the way George watches him do it and opens his mouth a little bit. Like he’s thinking about kissing him more. That’s distracting, it’s hard for him to concentrate on the conversation when George looks like he wants to eat him.

“I asked you a question.” George presses, his voice soft and a little rougher than usual.

“Thank you.” Sapnap says dumbly.

Beneath them on the bed, Dream watches them talk with a dejected look on his face. His hands creep closer to Sapnap’s body, and when they find the fabric of his shirt he tugs on it gently. Sapnap turns to him, looking open minded and patient.

“Can I kiss you too?” Dream asks.

It’s gonna take a bit for Sapnap to understand this part. The fact that both of them want him and want to kiss him and touch him and have been watching him just *exist* for weeks. He’s suddenly reminded by the fact that they *fucked* while watching him. His face gets red again, and he kind of wants to hide. That’s... that’s a lot to take in.

Dream sits up, coming in close and not letting him hide away. He cups Sapnap’s cheek and gently tugs his head away from George’s clutches, leaning in with his eyes on his mouth. Sapnap closes his own eyes pretty quick, blush on his cheeks and unwilling to look at Dream properly before getting a kiss. That feels too big, makes him breakable.

“Sap?” Dream continues, breathing over his lips. “Can I kiss you too?”

Heart thudding in his chest, George can probably feel it where his hand has gone up higher, Sapnap licks his lips.

“Yeah. Go ahead.”

The kiss starts more tender than he expects. As Dream presses their lips together Sapnap shuts his eyes and forces his brain to process that yes, Dream wants him. Dream is kissing him and pressing in until Sapnap is flush to George’s side and moving his mouth to show how much he likes him. Sapnap’s brain is still reeling a bit from everything, but this part makes all of the confusion worth it.

George’s hands keep rubbing over him, touch explorative and just as wanting as Dream’s kisses. He goes back to mouthing at Sapnap’s neck, nibbling and licking in the lulls of this kiss the others are sharing. Sapnap is somehow not overwhelmed, he feels perfectly content under them. Like he was made to be right here and nowhere else.

He pulls away a little bit, smiling despite himself when Dream chases him and keeps kissing. Sapnap giggles and ducks his head so Dream has to stop, and when he looks up at him through his lashes Dream exhales in a way that says a lot about how much he wants to continue what he was doing.

“What was it like? When you were watching me?” Because underneath the creeped out part of him, he’s dreadfully curious. Dream seems conflicted by this question, his eyes get a little wider and he leans back.

“You’re just-” Dream searches for the words, looking all over Sapnap’s cute blushing face and George’s pretty hands and the perfect picture the three of them make together. Since they’re not kissing he starts to feel a little left out again, so he creeps his fingers to Sapnap’s thigh and rests there with tiny soothing motions. “I dunno I just like you a lot, I guess. It was cool to go from knowing you from far away and then seeing you up close. Seeing you behind closed doors too was just... another level of intimacy. It made me feel closer to you.”

“You’re so fucking weird.” George snorts again, interrupting his assault on Sapnap’s neck.

But Sapnap is oddly touched by it. He’s never really been appreciated like that, and while it’s a little fucked up, because it’s Dream it’s kind of sweet? He might have a few screws loose, but it works out in his head. Dream’s fingers creep higher up his thigh, and Sapnap looks down at them with a smile that comes across as more smug than before.

“You wanna fuck me too, don’t you?” He asks, leaning back into George and giving Dream a lidded look that makes the blonde hiss in a breath.

“So fucking bad, dude. You have no idea.”

Sapnap scoffs, but he has to fight to not hide his head again. There’s warmth under his skin that wants to get out, and he definitely can see where Dream and George are headed with all of the heavy petting.

“Can you kiss me again before you take my clothes off?” Sapnap bargains, delighted by Dream lighting up at the suggestion.

“Take your shirt off first.” Dream says quickly, getting close again. He places little pecks over the scruff on Sapnap’s face, smiling wide when Sapnap starts laughing.

“Okay, okay.” Sapnap pushes him away. George’s hands are now working to get his shirt off. Once he’s exposed, though, he feels shyness start to poke its head in. “You guys too? I don’t want it to be just me.”

Dream complies immediately, pulling his shirt off and grabbing Sapnap’s discarded one and throwing them onto the floor. George moves a bit slower, slipping his shirt off and placing it gently on the bed. With a mischievous smile, Dream picks it up and throws it on the floor as well.

“Did that make you feel good?” George asks with a cocked eyebrow.

“A little.”

“Hello? We were doing something?” Sapnap nudges from between them, as if he could be forgotten.

They all look at each other for a second, really letting the gravity of the situation sink in. Dream and George have done stuff, obviously, but adding a third person is a little intimidating. Sapnap seems nervous, Dream seems over-eager, and George is just sitting pretty waiting to touch.

George moves first, returning Sapnap to his position of pinned to the bed. His hands run over soft flesh, his mouth follows, placing kisses over his collarbones and sternum. Dream gets close too, pulling Sapnap’s head into his lap where his sweatpants can cushion his head.

It takes a beat for Sapnap to get comfortable, but when he does he blinks up at Dream with a pleased smile on his face. Dream threads his fingers into Sapnap’s hair, coming through the strands nicely and smiling back.

“Okay I get that you two are being tender or whatever, but I have a plan.” George speaks up from Sapnap’s chest, nuzzling his nose into the sparse hair there and rubbing his hands over Sapnap’s pecs. “I wanna eat you out, and then you two can jerk off or something. I don’t really care.”

“You wanna eat me out?!” Sapnap tries to sit up, but Dream holds him down and resumes his petting.

“He’s been stuck on this for a minute. Was talking about it one of the times we fucked.” Dream says sagely, as if there’s little room for arguing. Sapnap is bright red again, looking down at George’s head.

“You have a nice ass, what do you want from me?” George praises boredly, as if he hasn’t been obsessively thinking about it since Dream asked him what he wants to do the other day. No, he has more self control than that.

“I- I *guess* .”

That makes George lift his head, looking over at Sapnap with a more serious expression. “You can say no, if you don’t want me to. I’m not gonna assume you’re into assplay if you’re not.”

“No that’s-” Sapnap starts and then stops, his mouth open as he tries to articulate what he wants. “I’m very okay with that, it’s just... unexpected? Like you’re- you’re *George* so I didn’t think that would ever.. be a thing.”

“What about me being George has to do with me wanting to eat your ass?”

“I dunno, dude! We fuck around and shit but I guess I’m still understanding that you like me, you know? We’ve been friends for like a million years it’s kind of a big jump to go from ‘wow I hope George doesn’t give me a noogie today’ to ‘George wants to put his tongue in my asshole.’”

Dream barks out a laugh, giving a tug to Sapnap’s hair so he winces and stops talking.

“You’re such an idiot,” he says horrifically fondly. Sapnap seems to disagree, but appreciates the reminder to shut up.

George just looks like he’s thinking, eyes on Sapnap’s face and chin dug into the center of his chest. His hand rubs absentminded circles over Sapnap’s skin still, like he can’t get enough.

“Final answer: tongue in ass yes or no?” George asks with a grin.

“Fucking- sure. Yeah. Okay.” Sapnap responds immediately, hiding his face in his hands as

George moves down his body.

“And I get front row seats? Is it my birthday or something?” Dream adds from above.

“*You* will sit there and wait your turn.”

“I’m fine with that.”

“You are now,” George starts tugging down Sapnap’s shorts, leaving his boxers on underneath. “But once he’s naked I’m sure you’ll get annoying. Impatient bitch.”

Dream scoffs, but doesn’t contest it. He knows himself almost as well as George knows him.

Sapnap wiggles his hips, his half-interested cock tenting his boxers a little. Slender fingers squeeze around the bulge of him gently, George smiling when he inhales sharply. He finds where the tip hides beneath the fabric and taps one finger against the top of it, watching Sapnap’s mouth twitch.

“You sure you don’t want me to blow you? I’m fine with getting my mouth on anything.” George teases, squeezing him again to watch Sapnap’s eyelids flutter.

“I’m gonna be honest, dude, you can do what the fuck ever you want as long as you keep touching me.”

“Don’t call me dude when we’re about to have sex. You’re so weird.”

“I think it’s endearing.” Dream speaks up, eyes caught on the bulge in Sapnap’s underwear and his hands stilling in the youngest’s hair. “I could also blow him while you-”

“Absolutely not,” George jerks Sapnap off loosely through his boxers, though he’s looking at Dream as he talks. “He’ll cum in five seconds and then it’ll all be a wash. You’re waiting and I’m having my fun.”

“So bossy.” Dream mutters.

“George,” Sapnap interrupts a bit tightly, lifting his hips to press against George’s hand. “Hurry up please?”

“Ooh, I like that please.”

He flirts with the waistband of Sapnap’s boxers, pulling them down slowly and watching carefully as his cock comes out and stands to attention. George licks his lips without thinking, which gets Sapnap to make a cute whimper sound in the back of his throat. If he thought before that George looked like he wanted to eat him, this is another level of hunger.

“You were right, Dream. He has a nice cock,” George continues, getting his pants and underwear all the way off and on the floor as well. “What did you say exactly? ‘Thick and pretty like him?’” He ghosts his breath and one hand over the hard skin, just barely touching down and feeling it twitch from the contact. “You were right.”

“Yeah. Obviously.” Dream says almost at a whisper, unable to look away from the proximity of George’s mouth to Sapnap’s dick. Now *that* is a sight he’s grateful to see in HD.

Sapnap hides his face again, but both of them can still see how blushy he still is. It’s very cute, so George is smiling as he lowers his head down further and starts to move his legs.

“Can you show me your pretty hole? I wanna see if it’s just as cute as your dick.”

“Jesus Christ, George.” Sapnap kind of responds normally, but it’s surrounded by heavy breathing and the ghost of a moan. He’s fully hard now, and his hips keep twitching under George’s hands and praise.

He does tilt his hips, though, exposing himself to George’s sharp eyes. George places his hands on Sapnap’s cheeks, squeezing and pulling them aside to see his hole. To Sapnap’s utter embarrassment, he just looks at it and breathes for a minute, watching the skin flex and twitch under his heavy gaze. Within his mind he’s taking him apart, he’s gotta do it internally first to make the real thing feel better.

“*George*.” Sapnap gives in and moans outright, lowering his hands to look up at Dream pleadingly.

“Aww, he’s so sweet, Georgie. You should see him.” Dream says kindly, pressing his big palm to Sapnap’s cheek and smiling affectionately when the youngest pushes his head into his hand.

“Trust me, I’m seeing him.” George mumbles, seeming to snap out of whatever stasis he was in. He spreads Sapnap’s ass again and leans in. His breath is hot and able to be felt against where Sapnap is so sensitive, and when his tongue gives the first lap over the skin, Sapnap gasps.

George hums to himself as he pulls away, but he’s quick to come back. He licks heavily over Sapnap’s hole and can feel the muscle twitch against his tongue. The salty and musky taste fills his senses, and he can’t help but nuzzle his face into the nest of hair.

“Mm, you *do* taste good. Knew it.” George licks again, faster this time and getting Sapnap to writhe a bit beneath his hands. After a few licks he moves up high and wraps his lips around Sapnap’s balls, sucking them gently into his mouth and then going back down to his hole.

And Sapnap is kind of overwhelmed. George’s perfect face between his legs spoiling him with a talented mouth and Dream looking down at him like he’s a fucking stack of gold. Just as he starts to shut his eyes, really letting himself feel George’s tongue against him, he’s shifted out of Dream’s lap and his head is placed on the sheets.

“Wha-?” He starts to ask, but Dream shushes him and gets down onto his side like he was before. Then he leans in and kisses Sapnap to really shut him up.

“I forgot you asked for another kiss.” Dream mumbles against his lips, licking into his mouth confidently while George teases his own tongue into Sapnap’s hole.

There’s not much he can do besides whine and twitch in response, a livewire underneath the two men around him. George fucks his tongue in miniscule thrusts, Dream licks over his teeth, and Sapnap takes all of it as he tries to keep breathing.

“Such a good boy, aren’t you? You just sit still and let yourself get ravished.” George praises in between the now slower laves of his tongue. Every once in a while he kisses and sucks at his rim too, to keep it interesting, as if the constant lapping isn’t insanity-inducing enough.

Sapnap makes a low noise, deep in his chest. It sounds a touch desperate, which gets George hum again, this time leaving a heavier kiss on his hole.

Dream chews on his lower lip, pulling it into his mouth until Sapnap makes another noise. His big hands push the youngest further into the bed by his shoulders, hovering slightly above him.

“What if I jerked us off together?” Dream asks in between kisses, one hand drifting down Sapnap’s bare chest and moving towards where his cock leans against his stomach. “You wanna feel us together like that? We could both fit in my hand, I bet.”

“Mhmm,” Sapnap presses his lips together, leaning his head up for more kisses as his eyes stay big and wanting. “Wanna feel you, Dream.”

“He’s so polite,” Dream smiles down at Sapnap, eyes flicking to George’s bobbing head every couple of seconds like he can’t quite ignore it. George doesn’t respond to his comment, too busy licking over Sapnap’s rim and teasing in a slicked up finger. Where he got lube, Dream has no idea. “George?”

“I’m busy. Do whatever.” He leaves little room for arguing, pumping his finger in and teasing the tip of his tongue alongside it. It leaves Sapnap lax and panting into the open air as he’s fingered.

With a little chuckle Dream starts kicking off his pants, getting his underwear off with it and sliding his naked body to line up with Sapnap’s hips. His cock is hard and heavy, and when it presses against Sapnap’s thigh, the youngest whimpers.

“So big.” Sapnap mutters, face darkening with blush as he realizes he said it outloud. When Dream hears it, he thrusts his hips forward against his skin and smears a thin line of precum over his hairy thigh.

“Yeah? You wanna feel it against yours?”

“Please.”

“Good please.” Dream praises, getting closer and pushing his cock against Sapnap’s. His hand easily takes both of them and does a long squeeze up their shafts.

Sapnap makes a sound like he’s been hit.

His cock pulses, and Dream slips his thumb to tease over the head on the next upstroke. That alongside the finger and tongue in his ass is really going to make Sapnap lose his mind. He's so spoiled between these two, it's hard to not get lost in it.

This is where Dream starts to slip, though. The feeling of Sapnap's smaller but thick cock pressed flush against him in his hand. Him knowing their precum mixes over heated skin as Dream jerks them off, it has him dropping his head and breathing heavily as well.

"Oh, *Dreeeam* ," George speaks up, getting onto his elbows and smirking at the blonde as his fingers curl inside of Sapnap, searching. "Where are you going?"

"M'here." He grunts, thrusting his hips into the grip of his hand so their cocks slide together. Sapnap keens, high-pitched and needy, which gets Dream to curse under his breath.

George finds Sapnap's prostate with a trained hand, petting over it and watching as Sapnap pushes his hips down to meet his hand and dig the finger in deeper.

"George. I need more." Sapnap whines, grinding his ass back in little motions to accentuate his request.

"Where's my please, little one?"

Sapnap whines again, latching his teeth into Dream's shoulder before muttering ' *please* ' into the skin. It works, George slides in a second finger slowly and pumps them in and out until Sapnap is drooling.

Above him, Dream keeps jerking them off, the pain of Sapnap's bite getting him to make a choked-out sound. He's getting worked up way too quick, deep red blush all splotchy on his chest and neck. Sweat drips from his temple down the side of his face, his panting gets worse too.

The fingers inside of Sapnap find his sweet spot again, tenderly petting until the youngest is trembling with overwhelming pleasure. His whole body shakes, and he's loose enough now for George to get both fingers and half of his tongue inside of him. Sapnap's hands bunch in the sheets, holding on for dear life as he starts to reach his climax.

“Sweetheart, you’re *shaking* . Is it good?” George sounds smug as hell as he tortures him with more presses to his prostate, loving the effect he has on him and unafraid of indulging in it.

“So good.” Sapnap says into Dream’s shoulder, mouthing at it and biting every time Dream’s hand squeezes their cocks again.

“I’m close- *fuck* .” Dream grits, moving his hand faster when George laughs at him.

“Classic freak ready to shoot off the second he gets touched. Pathetic.” George pulls his head away from Sapnap’s ass, sliding in a third finger and fingering him at an even rhythm. He watches Dream come apart above them both, hand a blur as he jerks them off over Sapnap’s stomach.

“Again, George.” Dream begs nonsensically, thrusting his hips forward and closing his eyes.

“Which part, the freak or the pathetic?” George tilts his head, looking calculating over Dream and Sapnap’s debauched states. His hand never stops moving, his face calm but pleased. “Maybe both? You want me to call you a *pathetic freak* for getting all riled up watching your little cameras and then nutting all over yourself as soon as you get a smidge of attention? Dream, that’s a bit sad, isn’t it?”

“Yeah, *shit* .” Dream agrees, biting on his own lip so hard he breaks skin.

As a thin trail of blood starts to move down to his chin, Sapnap releases his teeth and breathes right next to Dream’s armpit through his mouth.

“So close, Dream, please? Make me cum?” His words start a chain reaction, Dream releases between the two of them with a punched-out groan. The feeling of his big cock pulsing against him, cum dirtying both his hand and Sapnap’s stomach gets the youngest over the edge as well.

He’s still shaking, worse now, as he comes down. Overstimulation makes his limbs tingle as Dream works them through it, and he makes a conflicted whimpering sound as Dream and George both slow their movements, then pull their hands away.

Sapnap is floating a bit, covered in cum and sweat and spit. But George isn’t done yet. He walks on his knees until he can sit on Sapnap’s chest. His clothed ass settles and he pulls his cock out with mildly uncharacteristic impatience.

“Open your mouth, little one.” George commands, stroking himself with the tip of his cock inches away from Sapnap’s lips.

It’s not hard to do as he says, Sapnap’s sleepy eyes going a bit crossed as he watches George jerk off in front of him. Surprisingly, he cums pretty soon after he starts moving, and Sapnap’s open mouth takes the release easily until he can lick it off.

Dream is lying face-down on the bed, George and Sapnap looking at each other like they’re the only two people in the world.

“You look good like that.” George continues, catching his breath in this lull and using his lube-slicked hand to push his cum into Sapnap’s mouth.

He takes all of it, swallowing after and blinking up at George like a pleased cat. George smiles warmly, scooting back down to a regular cuddling position and pulling him close.

A few seconds go by of comfortable quiet, then Dream picks himself up and comes onto the other side of Sapnap, holding him as well and nuzzling into his neck.

“Say you’re not mad.” Dream says right into Sapnap’s ear, his breath tickling him enough to trigger a giggle.

“I’m not mad. You’re still a creep, though.”

“I’m kinda into that, if you haven’t noticed.”

Sapnap turns his head to give him an incredulous look, but he’s not that surprised, honestly. He kisses Dream without thinking, his expression switching to light confusion when Dream wrinkles his nose.

“What?”

“You taste like George’s cum.”

“Yeah, idiot, ‘cause you can’t stand that.” George speaks up from where he seems to be drifting off into a nap.

“We should not be gross and, like, brush our teeth or something.”

“And wipe off my entire body,” Sapnap adds. “I’m so sticky.”

“I can lick you clean if you want.” George offers, adjusting his cuddle to get comfier despite Sapnap’s desire to get up.

“No, dude, I need a fucking shower. Maybe two.”

“Dream and I both fit in the bathtub, do you think we would all fit in the shower?”

Dream hums, squeezing Sapnap’s waist and breathing slowly.

“... Can you help me get to the shower?” Sapnap whispers. That gets George and Dream to move, Sapnap’s small voice getting them to do pretty much anything at this point. They might be a bit whipped, but it’s definitely not a bad thing.

George gets up first, pulling Sapnap up to a sit with Dream’s help. Once he stops swaying from lightheadedness, Sapnap giggles again and gets to his feet. At first George tries to get him to lean on his shoulder, but he’s gently shoved away.

“I don’t need *that* much help.” Sapnap teases, grabbing George’s hand and tugging him to the bathroom. Dream gets up too, trailing after them silently.

“Are we really gonna try to fit in the shower?” Dream asks, arriving in the bathroom and leaning against the sink as Sapnap turns the faucet on.

“Well, me and George would probably fit. I have a feeling you’ll be sad if we do it without you,

though, so I guess you're coming in too." Sapnap sounds lighthearted as he says it, giving Dream's slightly reserved state a well-meaning smile.

It relaxes him a bit, and they all huddle into the shower until they're a nonsensical mix of bodies and soap. They argue the whole time, elbowing each other and being obnoxious as possible as they clean off. Whether they actually got cleaner or not is up for debate, but the warm water feels nice at least.

As soon as the water starts to go cold, however, Sapnap slips out of the shower and into a towel. He dries off his body first, then his hair, and when he turns around to offer Dream and George their own towel, he finds them making out against the wet tile wall. Dream's back is pressed against it, George exploring his mouth with his tongue.

The best part is? He doesn't feel jealous or anything, because he knows they like him too. Sapnap gets to watch two attractive men make out and grope each other while soaking wet in his shower, it's kind of awesome. Any upset he had about the nature of the situation fades into background noise, and he sits down on the seat of the toilet to watch them kiss for as long as they want.

George pulls away after a few minutes, the water properly cold now and making them both shiver. He turns the handle of the faucet until it turns back to the tub then off completely. Him and Dream stand there continuing to shiver, both from getting excited and being cold. Sapnap smirks and throws some spare towels at them, which they take and silently start to dry off with.

"That was pretty cute. You guys look good together." Sapnap comments, getting up and starting back towards his bedroom.

The two get out of the shower and hang up their towels, George walking up behind Sapnap calmly and Dream following close behind. Dream's head is ducked a bit, as if he can't bear to be as far away from them as being tall makes him.

His hands find Sapnap's arm, and he's all grabby as they walk back into his bedroom.

"You're so clingy." George gets back on the bed immediately, which Sapnap curls his lip at.

"Dude. We need to change the sheets." He tries to sound mad as he says it, but Dream is now wrapping his arms around his waist and swallowing his smaller body with his larger one, both of them still naked. It's very distracting. Dream rests his head on the top of Sapnap's head, looking at

George and wearing a content smile.

“*You* need to change the sheets,” Dream amends, placing a kiss on the crown of his head and nuzzling his nose into his hair. “I’m going to get dressed and get a snack, then come back and cuddle.”

“Why do I have to do it?” Sapnap turns his head to look up at Dream with an annoyed stare.

“Because it’s your room, idiot.” George groans as he gets up again, walking to the pile of their clothes and slipping them on. He hands Sapnap and Dream their clothes as well, and soon they’re all at least in shirts and underwear.

“Okay fine. Dream gets snacks, I’ll change the sheets, George... be moral support. Reconvene in like five minutes?”

“Yes sir.” Dream jokes before slapping Sapnap’s ass and booking it out of the room when the youngest shouts.

George snorts, moving to sit in the chair by his desk and spinning around idly.

“I know I said moral support, but you could help.” Sapnap says to him as he starts pulling sheets on the bed.

“I’ve done enough work today, I think.” George responds, watching Sapnap’s body bend over the bed as he tidies. His eyes take in every inch of his body, as if even though he just had his mouth all over Sapnap he wants more.

“Fine.”

A comfortable quiet takes over the space as Sapnap goes to his closet and gets the new sheets. He makes the bed with pretty good focus, though he’s very aware of George watching his every move. Once he’s done, George gets up and slinks across the room to get in the bed. He kneels and waits patiently for Sapnap to join him, eyes full of something Sapnap can’t place.

He's a bit too tired to go into whatever rabbithole that is, though, so he simply gets on the bed as well and shoves his face into a pillow. George slips himself under his arms and gets comfy, and that's where they lie until Dream comes back.

"Did you remember to brush your teeth?"

"*Fuck.*"

epilogue

Chapter Summary

The picture of his desk with the fleshlight taped to it is currently under his thumb, and Dream exhales some air out of his nose at the sight of it. It's pretty hilarious, the haphazard duct tape and giant fucking sex toy in plain view. In fact, the camera feed is literally on the computer screen in the picture, though it doesn't show anything too interesting at the time the photo was taken.

Dream smiles to himself, hitting the share button and finding the Dream Team group chat. With a glance back up to the feed, he watches George and Sapnap watch TV as he sends the picture.

Dream: [Image Attached]

Dream: just found this lol. from before you guys knew

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Is it redundant to say Dream is sitting in his room watching the camera feed? It seems like he doesn't do much else, but even though it's been weeks at this point, he's just not tired of it. Whenever he has a spare moment, nothing to do, he can't help but just *check*. That's the thing. It always starts as just checking to make sure everything is normal, and then he gets sucked in.

For example, he was *just checking* before going downstairs to join George and Sapnap in the living room, but then he saw them sitting on the couch together and got a bit stuck. So he's in his chair watching them chat back and forth and look at their phones. It's hard to describe exactly why he loves watching them so much, but there's something about seeing the people he loves interact without technically being a part of it that's just... good. It almost feels like power, this third person omniscient view he gets.

Maybe it's the only power he gets, which is why he likes it so much. He knows more than anyone that these two have him wrapped around their little finger. Down bad, some would say. Dream chuckles to himself, picking up his own phone and flicking through the apps he has open.

He lands on his Gallery, scrolling through the pictures to find a meme or something to send to the two downstairs. It might be cool to send something funny and watch them react to it. Nothing is really sticking out to him though, so he scrolls further and further until he finds something he kind of forgot about.

The picture of his desk with the flashlight taped to it is currently under his thumb, and Dream exhales some air out of his nose at the sight of it. It's pretty hilarious, the haphazard duct tape and giant fucking sex toy in plain view. In fact, the camera feed is literally on the computer screen in the picture, though it doesn't show anything too interesting at the time the photo was taken.

Dream smiles to himself, hitting the share button and finding the Dream Team group chat. With a glance back up to the feed, he watches George and Sapnap watch TV as he sends the picture.

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Their reaction is pretty excellent. George sits up straight immediately and smacks Sapnap in the arm, who is actually paying attention to the TV and looks annoyed at first. Once he looks at George's screen and then compares it to his own phone, he bursts out laughing so loud that Dream can hear it from down the hall, since his door is open. Dream laughs too, delighting in the way he can watch George clutch his stomach.

George then falls right off the couch, writhing on the floor cackling like an absolute maniac. Dream takes this as a sign that he should go join them, so he shuts his computer down and heads towards the sound of his friends squawking in the living room.

As he steps through the threshold, a ghost of a smile on his face as he takes in George and Sapnap now *both* on the floor. Sapnap is trying to sprawl over George for some reason, but the oldest is still too busy laughing.

"Okay, okay, we get it. It's funny." Dream says into the room, eyebrows raised as he takes in George's shaking form with Sapnap clinging close.

"It's *so* fucking funny," George echoes, fighting to take deep breaths and try to stop freaking out. This is how he really laughs, though, it's a full body reaction when you get him good. "Did you buy that flashlight just to fuck your desk? Please say yes."

Dream scratches the back of his neck, looking to the side and not responding so George can put together the pieces himself. He looks very excited by this new information, and finally wraps his arms around Sapnap on his chest as he gives Dream a coy look.

“You’re a degenerate. A weirdo freak and a whore.” He continues, running his hand over Sapnap’s back.

“Well you don’t have to say all of *that* , George, c’mon.”

“No, I do, actually,” George sits up with a little struggle, looking over the back of the couch to level Dream with a weighted stare. Here we go again, George is up to something. “Did you plan on showing us that? When did you use it? I have so many questions.”

“I-I- okay. Obviously I took the picture to show you guys. And it was right when you got here. I fucked my desk while watching you change.”

Sapnap snorts, peering over at Dream from George’s lap like he’s won something. This has become a more common expression on his face since they slept together, as he’s spent every second he can in either George or Dream’s arms. Sometimes both of them at the same time, which is extra lovely.

“Watching me change while you fucked your desk?”

“Yeah, yeah. Don’t act surprised.”

George pauses for a second, hand running over Sapnap’s shoulder blades as he keeps his eyes on Dream. He’s full of twisted ideas, Dream can see it from here.

“Can you get it?”

“Get the flashlight?” Dream asks, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. “You wanna… see it?”

“No, idiot, I want to *use* it. I have an idea,” George is smiling as he shares this, looking away from Dream to give Sapnap a look. “You wanna help?”

“Yes please.” The youngest immediately agrees, getting off of George and sitting pretty on the couch. George follows, ignoring Dream as if his command was enough to get him to drop

everything.

Okay, maybe it is.

Dream spins on his heel and heads back to his room, slightly twitchy now with the promise of George's words. He's only used the toy a handful of times since fucking his desk, unable to find the cool plastic as satisfying as his hand. There's a feeling wiggling its way into his chest that George will figure out a way to make him crazy for it. So his fingers and the top of his spine tingle as he walks and gets it from a drawer.

Jesus Christ, it's so huge. He can't help but chuckle as he pulls it out of the drawer and grabs some lube before heading back to the living room. Once he returns, he finds Sapnap mouthing at George's neck, who's on top of him on the couch.

"You guys always leave me out." He pouts, hovering above the two.

"It's not my fault Sap is so needy," George says sagely, his hands petting over Sapnap's back again as he's kissed. "Did you get it?"

"I dunno, George, did I?" Dream lifts the toy into George's field of view, smirking when the oldest immediately starts laughing again.

"Oh my god, it's *massive*."

"Yeah, we know, my dick is huge and I'm incredibly desirable." Dream teases, placing the fleshlight and lube on the coffee table while he joins them on the couch.

Sapnap has nothing to say about the toy, but his eyes are stuck to it and his lips are parted a bit, whether from the surprise or from kissing George, who knows. Dream settles as in between the two as possible, attaching his mouth to Sapnap's and kissing him against the couch cushions. He kisses back immediately, hands finding Dream's chest and pressing there.

George picks up the fleshlight and weighs it in his hand, smiling to himself in a secret way that seems dangerous. He's also half-watching the other two make out, obviously pleased by the show.

“Sapnap,” George starts, leaning back into the far side of the couch. “Can you take Dream’s clothes off?”

“Mhmm.” Sapnap mumbles against Dream’s mouth, fingers immediately going to the waistband of his sweats and starting to tug them down. Dream only pulls away from their kiss to take his shirt off, then he’s right back on him.

When Dream turns to look at George, Sapnap’s mouth attaching itself to his neck in a mirror to how he was kissing before, he puffs out a breath at the sight he gets. George is slipping lube-slicked fingers into the toy, eyes heavy on Dream and Sapnap kissing. He looks poised to strike, and Dream’s heart kicks up a little faster over it.

“So... Who’s gonna use it?” Dream asks, one of his hands holding Sapnap’s head closer as his teeth start to dig into his neck. His eyelids flutter every once in a while, but he’s pretty good at staying focussed.

“You, duh,” George says almost boredly, his gaze not faltering as he levels Dream. “I’m gonna jerk you off with it, and you’re probably gonna freak out and die for it as always.”

That makes Dream blush, and he opens his mouth to argue, but Sapnap is sucking on a sweet spot on his neck so all that comes out is a stifled whine.

“Whore.” George tacks on right at the end.

“Shut up.”

“You two talk too much,” Sapnap pulls away from Dream and presses his finger curiously into one of the bruises he left so the blonde’s breath catches. “What am I gonna do?”

“Well, you’ve done a good job so far,” George pulls his fingers out of the toy and watches the string of sticky lube connect the digits to the fleshlight. Then he wipes them off on Dream’s discarded pants. “Dream can get comfy with his legs in your lap and you can put your pretty mouth to use while I let him fuck the toy.”

“Sounds like a fucking blast.” Sapnap deadpans, though he does pull Dream into his lap and resume his kisses. He starts at the base of his neck and then trails down to his collarbones.

George chuckles, crawling closer and getting up on his knees. Dream is sweating bullets, well aware that he's flushed, wanting, and nearly naked while the other two are so composed. He's briefly reminded that when he was in his room he thought he had power. That feeling has gone completely out the window.

Sapnap's big hands pet over his legs, his tongue laving over one of his nipples and drawing the bud into his mouth. As he sucks at it and grazes his teeth, Dream makes little noises in the back of his throat that he will later deny. His own hands hold Sapnap's head in place and he *shakes* from the treatment, overwhelmed as he tends to be under a man's touch.

"Dreamie, boxers off." George tuts from the side, now coming closer with the toy and nuzzling his head into Dream's neck.

He struggles a bit to do it, trying to shuck off the fabric while Sapnap is all over his chest. Thankfully he gets it done, and then he's completely bare. The only one who is. There's a pink tinge to his cheeks, and George's eyes on him feel like a physical weight keeping him in place. Sapnap's hands only encourage the feeling.

This is his turning point, again he feels his resolve slipping as he's surrounded by the other two. Hands and mouths on his skin make his brain foggy, George's stern words sinking him deeper and deeper. He thinks he could live in this feeling forever, maybe. If George let him.

George's finger brushing his cock makes his whole body jump, Dream having spaced out. There's a giggle from Sapnap as he starts working on the other nipple, keeping his hands away from where Dream's dick stands at attention between him. He's so wanting and they don't seem to care, it makes him want to whine again.

"Please touch me." Dream breathes out, bucking his hips towards George's hand.

"You want the toy? Or me?" George asks, bringing the dripping entrance of the fleshlight to the side of Dream's cock and running it over the hot skin. The temperature difference makes him twitch again. "Dream?"

"Anything. I'll take anything."

Sapnap pulls away, tucking his head onto Dream's shoulder and letting his hands run over his legs

and stomach and everywhere but where he needs it most. Dream is definitely going to freak out as foreseen, but he tries to keep it under wraps for a little longer.

The toy reaches the head of his cock, and George dips it down *just* enough for Dream to whimper before pulling it back again.

“Wait, I forgot something.” George says, tilting his head in a calculating way as he watches Dream’s flushed body all but writhe beneath him.

“ *George .*”

“Yes?”

Dream bites down on his lip, trying desperately not to make more needy noises. He’s slipping, though, getting that bratty feeling in his tense limbs and wanting more.

Then all of the fight leaves him at once, because George has leaned over and spit directly onto his dick. The spit drips down the hard shaft and moistens the hair of his crotch. And Dream... Dream is fucking done for.

He churns his hips up, trying to both get into the tight grip of the toy and beg for more attention from George. Even if it’s just more spit, as previously mentioned he’ll take anything at this point.

George is looking him dead in the eye, leaning over him and letting drool slide from his mouth over his cock that twitches every time the liquid hits the heated skin.

“Do you think that’s enough?” George checks as he wipes his mouth. He looks very unbothered while Dream is panting.

“I dunno,” Sapnap speaks up, running his finger through the path of saliva and smiling when Dream convulses again. “I don’t think he can handle more, Georgie, he’s already so overwhelmed. Maybe we should stop.”

“ *No .*” Dream grits through his teeth, still shaking slightly with restraint as he hovers right before

pleasure. He's so close to it he can *taste* it, needs the teasing to stop before he starts begging even more pathetically.

"No?" George tilts his head, though his gaze remains on Sapnap's fingers spreading his spit over Dream's cock. "No more? You want to stop?"

"I want to fuck it," Dream begs, his hands in a moment of pure desperation grabbing the fleshlight and pulling it down over his cock. As soon as he's sheathed inside of it he can feel himself pulse. "*Ah*, George..."

George looks very unamused, looking over the scene with his lips pursed.

"I didn't say you could do that, Dream. I wasn't done."

"Please. I'm sorry. Just- just please."

"Hmm," George adjusts the toy in his hand, causing a slight drag of soft plastic against Dream's cock. "You do sound nice like this. Maybe I'll let you get away with it if you keep begging."

"Yeah, yeah. I'll beg. I don't care- just please let me-" Dream gets cut off as George pulls the toy off, spits again, then pulls it back down. "*Fuck!* I can't- *George*."

"Why are you only saying George's name?" Sapnap looks mildly annoyed from his spot underneath Dream, his hands moving again and now pinching different spots on his stomach and chest. Every shock of pain mixes with the pleasure of George jerking him off with the toy and Dream is *trembling*. "Dream? Am I not making you feel good?"

"You are- you are. Please don't stop." Dream is speaking quickly, George's hand moving the toy faster and riling him up.

"So ungrateful. Let me get this straight," Sapnap leans his head on Dream's shoulder, digging his nails into one of his nipples and scratching down his chest. "You spy on me, don't tell me anything, and now you can't even thank me for making you feel good? Giving you attention like you want? Kind of lame."

“*Sapnap* , holy shit,” Dream’s spine arches as he tries to lean into the touches on his chest. “I’m sorry, I’m so sorry. I’m-”

“You keep saying that, but I don’t think you mean it,” George adds, moving the toy in a steady rhythm. “He’s right, you know. It *was* pretty fucked up what you did.”

Dream keens, his hips stuttering as he tries to keep fucking the toy.

“We never really called you out on that, actually. Not properly at least,” George continues, twisting the fleshlight as he moves it up and down so it slides and squelches around Dream with a dizzying grip. “You’re such a *creep* , Dream. Spying on us. I can’t believe you bought this just so you could fuck something while watching me change. Like, are you joking? That’s so fucked up.”

“I’m sorry,” Dream babbles, sweat dripping down his back and his legs keep moving where they rest in Sapnap’s lap. “I’m so sorry I just- I wanted you so bad.”

“So greedy, right? You wanted both of us? Couldn’t ask, though. No, you just sat in your little cave jerking yourself off while we went about our days unaware. What a lowly,” Sapnap’s words get meaner, his nails digging into Dream’s chest so hard they leave lines of red. “Pathetic, *nasty* little freak you are, Dream.”

“I am,” Dream agrees immediately, whining as George hovers the fleshlight over the head of his dick again. “I am, I am. I’m a pathetic freak who- who doesn’t deserve this.”

“So true.” Sapnap places a kiss on the top of his shoulder, one hand sliding down to stroke over his slicked up cock. He keeps his touch right at the base, barely committing to pleasuring him.

George starts moving the toy again, meeting with Sapnap’s circled fingers and keeping it right at the tip of Dream’s cock. He moves it quickly and focussed, smiling as Dream’s hands grab for purchase on anything he can reach.

They decide on his own thighs, and he exhales in relief when Sapnap takes one in his free hand and rubs his thumb over the skin of his palm. It’s a morsel of comfort amongst the mean, makes the fog thicker. George and Sapnap are taking care of him, that warmth with the degradation is almost too good.

“I’m- I wanna cum. Please?” Dream stutters, hips twitching forward into Sapnap’s touch and the unforgiving toy.

“Really? You think you deserve that?” George looks stern, though he’s still moving the toy at an intoxicating speed, bringing Dream closer and closer.

“I don’t, but can I? I’ll beg more. I’ll do anything.”

“Hmm, that sounds nice,” George looks at Sapnap with his eyebrows raised. “What do you think?”

Sapnap grins wickedly, squeezing one of Dream’s hands and using the other to cup his face now and turn him towards the youngest. There’s some tears in Dream’s eyes, which only delights him more.

“Tell me you’re sorry again.” He requests, his thumb sliding over Dream’s chapped and panting lips. There’s still some lube on his finger, and Dream withholds the urge to lick it off.

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. I’ll do anything, Sap, just please tell me I can cum.”

“Is that what you’re waiting for? For me to say you can? Can you not finish until you get permission?”

Dream squeezes his eyes shut, face and neck bright red as he’s edged and kept waiting.

“Dream?”

“ Yes . Fucking yes, Sapnap, I need you to tell me it’s okay.” The first tear falls, Dream’s body practically vibrating between the two.

“Hmm,” Sapnap dips his thumb into Dream’s mouth and bites his lip at the way the blonde immediately starts sucking on it. “Okay, freak, go ahead.”

Within Dream’s body, a few things happen. The first is a full-body tense as he releases into the toy,

then his ears start ringing and he pants around Sapnap's thumb in his mouth. George continues to stroke his cock with the toy, going slower but still pleasuring him in a way that's slightly nauseating. He makes a little noise of discomfort as he fights to not pass out, and then the hands on him get kinder.

George pulls the toy off and places it back on the table, getting closer and wrapping his arms around Dream's body. It squeezes Sapnap in too, and if Dream wasn't boneless right now he would probably make a comment about being claustrophobic. The pressure of bodies around him is nice, though, and he lets his cloudy head rest against George's shoulder as he catches his breath.

"Can-" Dream swallows, his voice coming out hoarse. "Can you tell me I did good?"

He sounds weak when he says it, his words small and guarded as the fog gets thicker and starts to feel oppressive. George hums immediately, petting over his tense shoulders as Sapnap starts leaving kisses again.

"You did very good, Dreamie. Took it so well." George sounds incredibly sweet, and it gets Dream to relax into the hold.

"You look good like that," Sapnap breathes against his neck. "All shaking and begging. I have jerk off material for the next month."

Dream chuckles, coming back down to earth a bit with that.

"Do you guys wanna do something?" He can't help but pull back to try to look at them, see if they enjoyed it as much as he did.

They definitely did, because as he shifts in Sapnap's lap he can feel his boner poke into his thigh. George above him is pretty flushed as well, though his sweatpants hide any excitement from the scene.

There's some shifting that takes place. George gets on top of Dream's legs and tries to climb into Sapnap's lap. Dream starts to move out of the way but George keeps him close. They settle, George's knees bracketing Sapnap's hips and Dream flush to George's back. Dream's hands come around George's waist and he rests his chin on his shoulder to look in between them.

Sapnap is squirming slightly under the gaze of both of them, his basketball shorts doing nothing to hide his arousal. George looks incredibly smug, the target having switched now.

“Hi, baby,” George whispers, getting close enough to capture Sapnap’s lips with his own. He kisses hungry as ever, licking into his mouth and his hands going straight to his crotch.

His hand slips under the waistband, squeezing Sapnap’s cock with an expert hand and smiling into the kiss as Sapnap gasps.

“You’re so hard...” George continues, squeezing again and pulling back to watch his eyelids flutter. “You like watching Dream get off? You’re just as bad, Sapnap.”

“Nuh uh,” Sapnap argues, trying to get into George’s pants with his own shaking hands. He pulls him out and the shine of precum over the tip is telling. “George...”

“You wanna jerk each other off while Dream watches?” George asks, knowing the answer well. “Can you kiss me too, baby? Or is that too much for you?”

Sapnap leans up and kisses him, petting his thumb over the head of George’s cock and gasping again as George sighs into his mouth. They both start working towards a good pace, sneakily trying to one-up each other as always. Dream, for once, is watching quietly, like he’s still a bit floaty and pleased from his orgasm.

They kiss sloppily, more licking at each other’s open mouth than actually making out. Their hands are trying too hard too, it’s all messy and too-eager and inching towards desperation. This means it’s an excellent show for Dream, though. George bites down on Sapnap’s lip, feeling the youngest start to twitch.

“Little one is gonna cum in my hand? Just like that?” George asks, ignoring the fact that he’s breathing heavily and there’s sweat at his brow. “Come on baby. You’re so close, I can tell.”

“Mm,” Sapnap tries to keep his sound in, but a moan slips out as George’s hand speeds up.

“Are you gonna beg, too? Give me some pretty words to go along with your panting?” George teases.

“N-no but- *George* .”

“Keep saying my name, baby, you sound good.”

Dream whimpers softly, adjusting his hold so he’s holding George closer. It jostles them a bit, but they’re quick to get back to fast tugs and impatient kisses.

“George, George, *George* .” Sapnap mumbles as he cums into George’s hand.

“There we go. J-just like that.” George’s eyes are caught on the sight in front of him, cum on his hand and Sapnap’s distant gaze with his kiss-bruised lips looking up at him.

And he crumbles too, just like the rest of them.

They’re all breathing into the room, incredibly sticky but sated. Dream moves first, likely the most recovered of the three.

“Alright. Once again, everyone in the shower. Let’s go.”

George and Sapnap groan in unison, going limp on top of each other and likely staining their clothes with the shared release still on their skin.

“Do we have to?” Sapnap asks.

“Yes, nasty. At least we have to wipe down.”

Shakily, they stand, and as a clingy unit they go down the hall to the guest bathroom. George slips out of his clothes, and after a few beats Sapnap does as well. Dream runs a washcloth under warm water, and does it again after wiping himself down. He passes the cloth to George, and smiles softly when the oldest turns to Sapnap and cleans him off first.

“Aw, George-”

“Shut up.”

So Dream returns to content silence, watching George and Sapnap clean each other off and then hand him back the washcloth.

“Now can we cuddle?” George sounds a little quieter than before. He’s shivering a little in the chill of the tiled bathroom, and Sapnap huddles close to him, grabbing his hand and holding his arm to his chest.

“My room?” They both nod.

Dream heads towards his bedroom after gathering up the dirty clothes they would have left behind. George and Sapnap follow behind, still huddled together, and when they get to the blonde’s room they immediately slip under the covers and wait for Dream to join them.

He places their dirty clothes in the hamper, then crawls up on top of the mattress and looks down at them with a big grin.

“What?” George looks at him guarded again.

“I love you both. Very much.”

George rolls his eyes, though he’s grinning back. Sapnap just pats his cheek and mumbles ‘love you too’ before cuddling up in Dream’s bed.

At first they’re all snuggled in comfortable silence, but then George speaks up.

“Dream?”

“Hmm?”

“Do the cameras... record?”

Dream lifts his head up and looks at him, though he's sleepy now and takes a lot of concentration to do so. “Yes?”

“I mean like, can we watch things back? Does it store it somewhere?”

“Uh, I have no idea. I assume I could screen record something that displayed on the feed. I've never tried it.”

“Hm,” George goes quiet again for a couple seconds. “Well, you should see if there's a backlog. I wanna see what we've done.”

“You think it's a good idea to start an archive of our sexcapades?” Sapnap giggles, turning and cuddling closer to George's side.

“I mean, what else are we gonna do with the cameras now that we know they're there?”

“Well,” Dream wraps his arm around the two of them, pulling them close to his chest. “Regardless of what we do with them, they're not coming down.”

“Oh really? Never?”

“No way. Come on, we're in *Florida*, who knows what kind of psycho could try to break in if I didn't keep my security measures in place?”

“Right, right,” George rolls his eyes. ““Home security and all that.””

“Exactly.”

we did it kids we climbed this whole mountain! thanks for sticking around :) i hope u liked it <3

End Notes

remember to kudos/comment if ya liked it!

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